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Lib State Hist

CONGRESSIONAL

THE LOUISIANA EXHIBITION AND CLASS-GOVERNMENT.

Despite Loans and Gifts of Millions of Dollars by Congress, and Despite the Provision That Nothing More Shall Be Given, Congressmen Now Demand More Money for the Exhibition—The Word "Steal" Resounds in Congress.

The trumpet of "patriotism" is blaring in both branches of Congress. It is blaring at its loudest. The Senate tries to out-blare the House, the House the Senate; and in both branches Democrats are striving to out-blare the Republicans, and the Republicans the Democrats. One should think that the noise and the enthusiasm back of the blare would be loud enough to suppress sober facts. But sober facts are unsupressable. All the din on patriotism, notwithstanding another sound forced itself, that brought Congress to sober talk. A serious question was thrown into Congress on the matter of a proposed loan—it is now called "loan," but will mature into a gift—to the Louisiana Exhibition Company.

These Exposition companies regularly set themselves up as bent only upon "the patriotic purpose of promoting the country's welfare." Once organized—and they always are organized by the wealthy, by people who decry Socialism and vaunt the individualism of capitalism, where the "fit prevails" without governmental aid—once organized they penetrate Congress with their "patriotic" tentacle, apply for and get a large appropriation, and then they come back for "loans," and after the exhibition is over ply their "patriotic" tentacle once more, declaring they have lost money and desire indemnification—and get it, all these loans joining, of course, the moneys or profits drawn in by the other or less patriotically pretentious tentacles. Thus the Buffalo Exposition, after original grants and "loans," declared itself in debt when it closed; and the anti-paternal gentlemen, who ran the concern and added thereby to the fat of their ribs, appeared in Congress with a pitiful story of disaster;—Congress made good these gentlemen's "losses" by donating them $500,000 more. It was likewise with the Charleston Exhibition. After grants and "loans" by the Government, and its pronouncing itself in debt, its owners, like their Buffalo congeners, came in turn before Congress with their tale of woe; their sorrows were soothed with a $250,000 donation. The Louisiana Exposition is not yet so far; but it is headed with a full head of steam towards the same grand finale.

Congress gave the "anti-paternal" gentlemen, who organized themselves into the body that operates the exposition, $5,000,000 to start with, and committed the Government to certain exhibitions in the amount of $6,000,000 more—all told $11,000,000. And now a proposition is introduced in Congress for further loans to the Louisiana Exhibition. The matter naturally precipitated a discussion, in the course of which the word "steal" was forcibly used.

In a way, the proposers of this steal—for steal it is—are using the same arguments that they have resorted to in the Panama matter. In that matter they met the charges of defiance to law and to international obligations with the two answers: First, it was "in the interest of civilization"; and second, it is now done and cannot be remedied, and therefore the least said about it the wiser. So now the advocates of the steal say, these gifts (or "loans") are "for the welfare of the country," and we HAVE given them some money, we HAVE started them with several millions, therefore we are in duty bound to help the Exposition with more and keep it from becoming bankrupt. Obviously, and on the face of it, both arguments are false. It so happens, however, that in this particular case, the argument is even falser than the Panama case. It so happens that in the Act of Congress making the first appropriation of $5,000,000, and providing for $6,000,000 for certain specific purposes, a provision was incorporated that Congress was NOT TO BE COMMITTED TO ANY FURTHER SUPPORT. The "steal" feature plus the feature of defiance of law is obvious.

But there is more and, strange to say, it was brought out in the debate in the Senate. If Congress is justified to lend moneys to one private concern, why not to others? Why not to cotton mills? Why not to cattle raisers? And these questions naturally lead to this other, a question, however, that the capitalist representatives in the Senate were care-

(Continued on page 6.)

Daniel De Leon will lecture on "The Burning Question of Trades Unionism" at Manhattan Assembly Rooms, 15-17 E. Third street, on Tuesday, February 16, 8 p. m. Come and bring your friends.

THE SAN ANTONIO CAR STRIKE

A Remarkable Affair, Interesting Alike to the San Antonian and the Bostonian for the Lesson it Teaches.

It may be a little post festum to write about the San Antonio street car strike, but, though the strike was officially declared off on December 28, 1903, the last act of the drama has just been played in the District Court. However, that part of it belongs at the end of our tale, and will be touched on in due time.

The strike was a remarkable one. If any of the honest rank and file of the trades unions gets hold of this paper (and we shall take care that many of them do), and will carefully observe the facts connected with the strike under the Socialist limelight, they will learn a lesson that will be invaluable to them in the future. It does not matter whether the reader is a San Antonian or a Bostonian. Change the names of the places and principal actors, the conditions described and results attained, would be the same anywhere in this country.

On October 8, 1903, the motormen and conductors of the San Antonio Traction Company, 180 in number, went on strike. Two years ago they made a contract with the company for $1.50, $1.65, and $1.80, according to the length of service. The men pleaded that as rent and cost of living had gone up, and the business of the traction company had increased since then, their wages should be advanced. President, Reagan Houston, turned a deaf ear to the demands of the committee and discharged some of its members. He claimed that his company was unable to pay more wages. The men had cut out other demands and offered to bring their national president down on November 1 to examine the books of the company, but to no avail.

The San Antonio International Fair was about to begin and the men, fearing to lose the sympathy of the "public" offered to work under the old contract until after the fair;—"aber nit," said Houston. Evidently what he wanted, was time, and that he made good use of it will be shown directly. And who was responsible for so much dilly-dallying? Let me quote the editorial of the "Weekly Despatch" official organ of (dis.) organized labor in this city, of November 12, discussing the responsibility for the strike, as follows: "For instance, one report has it that one of the editors of the Despatch brought about the strike. Nothing could be further from the truth. The editor in question did not even know what the issue between the parties was until a month or more after they were presented, and when asked by the men for his opinion and advice on the question of a strike, he told them what a strike meant in the way of privation, hardships and uncertainty, and advised every man to vote his honest convictions. IT IS DUE ALMOST WHOLLY TO HIS EFFORTS THAT THE STRIKE WAS DELAYED FROM TIME TO TIME FOR MORE THAN TWO WEEKS, in the hope that each delay might bring a settlement."

So Mr. Walton Peteet (for he is evidently the editor in question), gave Mr. Houston time to sharpen his teeth and claws to fight the men.

On the day the strike was declared, Houston had enough men furnished by the Thiel Detective Agency of St. Louis, to take out many of the cars. They were professional strike-breakers of the toughest kind. The company had no control over them. The man who brought the gang took complete charge, gave them their runs, etc., and superseded the regular superintendent, who had to slink out of sight while the trouble lasted. Riotous scenes took place when the first cars were taken out, but between the protection given by the city and county officers and the fact that those imported ruffians were armed and made special officers, the company managed to keep several cars running during daytime and by the time the fair opened, had enough additional men to give some sort of service. It was current talk that the strike-breakers were getting five dollars per day. They were kept here until enough home scabs, encouraged by the protection thus afforded, could be secured.

During all this time the electrical workers employed at the Villita street power house were laid off with full pay by the president of the company, while some of the office men furnished power for the cars from the Tenth street power house. As soon as President Houston had the situation well in hand, he put it up to the electrical workers, whether they would violate their three-years' contract with the company and go out on strike in sympathy with the motormen and conductors, or work like good fellows furnishing power for the scab-driven cars. The Electrical Workers' Union voted to stand by their contract and leave the street car boys to the mercy of Czar Houston, and to the sympathy of the public, that great impartial body, neither fish and flesh nor fowl.

Despite this blow from the very quarter where assistance was expected, the men stood together and fought the hopeless battle heroically, and in a manner worthy of better leadership and a loftier cause. They started a bus line, paralleling the principal car lines, and kept masterly discipline among themselves. The great "public," however, began to show the class lines that divide it.

The patronage of the cars slowly increased. People not directly dependent on the working class found it inconvenient to walk or ride in busses. The capitalist class proper relinquished their carriages and autos for a while and rode on the cars to show the workers that they believed in protecting their class interests.

Great mass meetings were held on the public squares and in Market House hall. At one of these meetings the strikers were told that "The strike would not be broken until the San Antonio Traction Company is broken."

A curious incident took place at that meeting. The man who made that remark is one H. B. Salliway, a lawyer, who some time since ran for County Judge. A certain clique of politicians were opposed to him as the recognized leader of the so-called Court-House Ring, and tried to thwart his election. They succeeded by unearthing some irregularities alleged to have happened while Salliway was County Commissioner. The Grand Jury took the matter up and indicted him. He was defeated! After the election Salliway was tried and got clear. But the trick had worked. Who was the man who did the dirty work of unearthing the alleged irregularities? Why the NOW editor of "The Weekly Despatch." He wanted to get an office himself and later on was elected Alderman on the "Reform" ticket. But the funny part comes now.

At the self-same meeting where Salliway spoke there sat Walton Peteet. When in the course of his speech (if you can call a rambling, demagogical talk a speech), Salliway said: "The San Antonio Traction Company spent $30,000 to defeat me for the office of County Judge," the question naturally presented itself "How much did Walton Peteet, the man who did the actual work referred to, get of the $30,000?" And there they sat, side by side, cheek by jowl, on the same platform that night, the labor fakir and the political demagogue, both helping to make the poor dupes believe that they had a fighting chance to win their strike.

Things very soon went from bad to worse. A few breaks occurred in the ranks of the strikers. Some six men could not hold out any longer and reported back for work. Soon the boys were compelled to abandon the bus line, it proved a losing venture. Another man went back to work, this time a member of Local "Socialist" party, named Alexander. We had a hard fight to explain to the strikers that it was not an S. L. P. man who went back on them. At one of our open-air meetings the matter was thoroughly thrashed out and one of our speakers put it drastically thus: "An S. L. P. member would sooner chew his socks than scab it on his fellow-unionmen." That cleared the situation somewhat. (By the way, I have not heard that the "Socialist" local has proceeded against this member, who, some time ago, got a gold watch from the "Appeal to Reason," for securing subscriptions for same.)

About the end of October, the "Weekly Despatch," in the regular edition and special daily bulletins, began to boost a scheme, gotten up and introduced by the new Alderman Salliway in the City Council, to build a municipal light plant. Here was a chance for the union men to hit back at the traction company, which also owns the electric light plant. Their open-air mass meetings were turned into agitation meetings to whoop up the municipal light-plant (and incidentally Salliway).

The City Council decided to submit the question to a vote of the people. But the proposition involved the issuing of bonds to the tune of $200,000 and the City Charter provides that none but payers of taxes on property can vote on bond issues. Nevertheless the labor fakir brigade urged the workingmen to pay their taxes and predicted a victory for the pros. Election day came and demonstrated to the wondering masses how many of the workingmen were tax payers. Of nearly 10,000 registered voters, only about 1,500 voted and the proposition was snowed under three to one. The San Antonio Traction Company was still on top and master of the situation.

In connection with the above it is quite proper to relate a little incident which goes to show that labor unions never dabble in politics and are used as tools by the capitalists to gain their crooked ends. Our authority for the following is not abusive, slanderous Socialist, but again the creme de la creme of pure and simple wisdom, the "Weekly Despatch." The issue of November, mentioned before, contains an article headed "Base Ingratitude," which is herewith reproduced in full:

"A few months ago an effort was made by certain parties to get a franchise for an electric light company to compete with the present company. At that time the company was fair to its employes and protested its friendship for union labor, and the union men helped President Houston defeat the franchise proposition. Calling several union men together President Houston said to them: 'I appreciate what the unions have done for the company in this fight, for I realize that they have won the fight for us. I want you to know that we (who is we?) appreciate it and some of these days we will show our appreciation.' This was a month or two ago. Last Saturday he told a delegation of union men: 'No man who is a member of a labor union, or who expects to become a member, can work for this company. We are going to drive the unions out of Texas.' President Houston evidently calls this showing 'appreciation,' but the people don't."

Any comment on this would spoil the picture. It is comparable only with the lickspittle who voluntarily blackens his oppressor's shoe and receives a kick in payment.

From that time on things grew hopeless. Still the fakirs buoyed up the poor fellows, who were led to believe that something was going to drop soon, and something did drop, but of that more anon. Their National President, W. O. Mahon, came, saw and unlike his historic counterpart, Julius Caesar, went away again without having accomplished anything.

In the meantime explosions occurred under the cars. Some of the crews were hit by slungshots fired at them from dark alleys. Rocks were thrown from ambush, smashing glass doors and vestibule windows, intimidating the passengers and making travel very light after nightfall on the suburban lines. By and by the charges of explosives were increased and the detonations became louder, the damages more serious. Threats were made openly to organize a Vigilance Committee.

The capitalist dailies helped to increase the excitement. Rewards of a goodly amount were offered for the detection, arrest and conviction of the dynamiters, who were also denounced by the trades unions as hurting their cause.

On the night of Dec. 25, 1903, several severe explosions occurred in different parts of the city, one of them bursting a wheel under a San Pedro car. Shortly after, two men were arrested on suspicion of having caused the latter explosion. They were cousins, both strikers, J. P. and Frank Holcombe, the latter secretary of the Street Car Men's Union. The same night, F. S. Boyt, business agent of Carpenter's Unions No. 717 and 460, was arrested for the same alleged offence. On Monday, Dec. 28, 1903, the two Holcombes were suspended by their union, Division No. 100, A. A. S. and E. R. E. of A., and the strike declared off. Peace reigns now in Warsaw.

The evidence against the men is wholly circumstantial, and J. P. Holcombe, after being refused a change of venue, has been tried and found not guilty of the charge of assault to murder. There are several more indictments against him, but the chances are they will be quashed. Both Holcombes are now out on heavy bond and Frank Holcombe's ease is set for February. It is on the latter's person that the policeman who made the arrest claimed to have found a stick of dynamite made ready for use, with a percussion cap. F. S. Boyt, who is still in jail, will have habeas corpus proceedings to reduce his bond sufficiently to enable him to furnish same. The outcome of the cases will be made known as soon as their trial comes off.

I would not have gone into all of these details were it not for the fact that Frank Holcombe headed the "Socialist" party ticket for Mayor at the last city election, nearly a year ago, and since his arrest the daily papers came out with headlines in box-car letters: "Socialist Holcombe's Diary," "Socialist Holcombe's Vicious Letter to Dying President McKinley," etc. (which was published in full and showed what a hair-brained product a cross between a pure and simpler and a "Socialist" party man can be). His diary, bits of which were also published (by whose authority and consent?) showed that Holcombe was a country boy, religiously inclined, thrown into the vortex of capitalism and getting a smattering of Socialism from men who knew as much of it as he did.

It would be laughable if it were not so pathetic, to read how utterly disgusted and disappointed Holcombe became when he found that only forty-six votes fell to his lot for Mayor, when the "Socialist" party had put him and other union men on the ticket as a bait to catch the votes of organized labor. So disgusted was he that he began to dissipate, gamble, drink and spend money freely.

When the daily papers laid so much stress on Holcombe's being a Socialist, we, of the S. L. P. were asked on all sides what we thought of a "'Socialist' who would blow up cars, and endanger the lives of women and children," etc. We were thus forced to send a communication to the "Daily Express," in which we said and proved that Holcombe, guilty or not, was not a member of our party, and further that he was not a Socialist; in spite of the fact that the so-loosely organized "Socialist" party took him as a member and nominated him for office. The "Express" printed our explanation and it had a wholesome effect.

And this is the end of an honest struggle of workingmen for better conditions, of men who stood together bravely and unflinchingly, but whose honest efforts were run into the mire by the handmaids of capitalism, the labor fakirs and scheming politicians. Thus it has been demonstrated once more, that the working class, under pure and simple leadership, can not better their condition, much less achieve their emancipation from wage slavery. May they and all the honest workers who read this and are compelled to face similar situations, heed the lesson it teaches, and when compelled to strike in the future, do so. Do so under intelligent leadership, and spend the enormous amount of energy displayed on the economic field to wipe out capitalism on the political field under the banner of the Socialist Labor Party, thus putting an end to all economic struggles with their varied chances, striking quick and promptly without giving the treacherous capitalists a chance to gain time, in order to checkmate their efforts.

Frank Leitner.

San Antonio, Tex., Feb. 1, 1904.

P. S.—I forgot to mention another ludicrous incident of the strike which shows to what ridicule the workers are exposed through that vicious doctrine taught by pure and simpledom labor leaders, "that Labor and Capital are brothers." When the electrical workers voted not to go on sympathetic strike on account of their contract with the company, to whom did these poor fellows appeal to help them beat the company? To the business men, asking them to take the electric light and power out of their establishments, in other words, to help them draw the cart out of the bog in which they had been left by their brothers-unionmen. Of course they were laughed at.

F. L.

HANNA ANSWERED

SEATTLE CITY CONVENTION S. L. P. REFUTES HIS ATTACK ON SOCIALISM

(Seattle Post-Intelligencer, Jan. 23, 1904.)

SENATOR HANNA ON SOCIALISM.

Says Labor and Capital Is Paramount Issue.

FOR AMICABLE ALLIANCE.

Believes Work of Civic Federation Is of the First Importance.

TRUSTS TO FAIR DEALING.

Boston, Jan. 22.—Senator Hanna contributes to the February number of the National Magazine of this city an article on "Socialism and the Labor Unions." After expressing his belief in the power of education over the American people and declaring that the basis of right success is fairness and justice, Senator Hanna writes:

"There is no more engrossing question than that of the relation between labor and capital, which seems the paramount issue to-day. The instinct of workingmen to band together to protect themselves is no more to be wondered at than the same instinct on the part of capital. Now, my plan is to have organized union labor Americanized in the best sense and thoroughly educated to an understanding of its responsibilities, and in this way to make it the ally of the capitalist, rather than a foe with which to grapple.

"It is often asked what is to become of the non-organized consumer if an amicable alliance is made between labor and capital? But every man belongs to the one or the other group; for that matter, he is likely to belong to both. I took some time to consider the work of the Civic Federation, and am firmly convinced that it is the object to which I desire to consecrate the remaining years of my life.

WILL BE LONG STRUGGLE.

"I fully appreciate that it is a long struggle, but the progress already made under the motto of the Civic Federation—the golden rule—has surpassed even my most sanguine expectations, and I am sure that the American people will sustain a policy based upon the highest moral and social impulse which will eliminate the passionate prejudice that now exists between capital and labor."

Discussing some of the objects of the Civic Federation, Senator Hanna writes:

"Until within a comparatively few years big capitalists or the employing interests have had the advantage, because there were more workmen than there was work. But conditions have changed, and for every workman on an average there are two jobs now in the heyday of our prosperity, and it is expecting too much of human nature to suppose that workingmen shall not desire a larger share of the profits. Has not this motive been the stimulating incentive of the men who are making business affairs? No one who is acquainted with union labor for the past five years can fail to recognize the wonderful advancement that has been made in conservative, cool-headed and thoroughly practical management of these matters by the workingmen themselves.

"Labor organizations may be open to sharp criticism at times, but it cannot be fairly stated that they are always wrong. If every man is treated as a man, and an appeal made to his heart as well as to his reason, it will establish a bond of confidence as a sure foundation to build upon. While labor unions may have been a curse to England, I believe that they will prove a boon to our own country when a proper basis of confidence and respect is established.

"MENACE OF SOCIALISM.

"The menace of to-day, as I view it, is the spread of a spirit of Socialism—one of those things which is only half understood, and is more or less used to inflame the popular mind against all individual initiative and personal energy which has been the very essence of American progress. There is a spirit of co-operation or community of interest which some people may confound with Socialism that is making headway with us, but when anyone attempts, for political or financial reasons, to advocate the whole programme of European Socialism he will find little prospect of the seeds taking root in American soil.

"This, I think, was demonstrated very conclusively in the Ohio campaign, where higher Socialism was brought forth as an issue. Fairness and prejudice will never agree to the confiscation of the products of one man's toil in order to insure comfort to the idle and worthless. No 'ism' is wanted by the American people that will take from any citizen the just and equitable reward of his labor.

"Both capital and labor must yield in time to the great law of fair dealing, man to man. I wish I could impress upon every American the individual responsibility that rests upon each one of us. Every year of experience, every dollar of accumulated capital, every talent we possess, should be regarded as a sacred charge for the good of the nation to help in uniting the interests of rich and poor, learned and unlearned."

We, of the Socialist Labor Party, in Seattle, congratulate ourselves on being in convention, while the echoes of the

(Continued on page 6.)

SOUP HOUSES

NEEDED IN SYRACUSE, WHERE FACTORIES HAVE SHUT DOWN.

Idle Men Walk From One Shop to Another Begging to Know When They Will Start Up Again—Charities Department Reflects Prevailing Distress.

Syracuse, Feb. 5.—Syracuse is badly in need of one of the soup houses that Mark Hanna predicted would be opened in the cities throughout the land this year. Last fall, when the factories here were closed down in order to take stock, "the captains of industry," through their official organs, declared that after the first of January, 1904, they would start up again, and all their employes would be put back at work again. The first of January came and went, but the factories are still closed down. The wage slaves are walking from one closed shop to another, begging to know when they will start up again.

There are four or five shops that are running, and the offices of those shops are packed all day long with old men and young, of all trades, looking for work. They all get the same answer: "No help wanted."

There is one factory here that is run by capitalists who are "foxy," and know how to take advantage of conditions. They have established a standard of wages for all trades and professions. It don't make any difference whether you are a doctor, lawyer, artist, salesman, toolmaker, machinist, bricklayer or hod-carrier, the wages is $1.50 per day. Yet men will go there and beg for even two days' work a week.

The desperate condition of affairs is reflected in the Department of Charities, as illustrated by the below article taken from "The Syracuse Herald" of February 2:

"LOOKING FOR WORK.

"Several Needy Cases—Willing to Become Self-Sustaining.

"The city Department of Charities is furnishing aid to several persons who are really desirous of obtaining employment and becoming self-sustaining again if they can secure jobs. These cases are reported:

"Two women would like to get work cleaning offices or business blocks after business hours. Their husbands are helpless.

"A tailor want any kind of work. He has a wife and six children.

"Sixteen laborers, who have families, are willing to work.

"A molder wants any kind of work.

"A carpenter, aged 72, wants light work.

"A boy, aged 18, wants any kind of work. He has aged mother and sister to support.

"A stationary engineer wants any kind of work. He has had inflammatory rheumatism, but is better. His wife is an invalid.

"A polisher asks for any kind of a job. Aged 31 years. He has a wife and three children under 12 years of age.

"A boy, aged 19 years, is the support of invalid father and mother, also three brothers and sisters.

"A molder, aged 27 years, has a sick wife. He has three children under five years of age.

"A machinist asks for any kind of a job. He has a wife and four children.

"A carpenter would work at anything."

The Iron Molders' Union, No. 80, recently received severe treatment at the hands of Pierce, Butler & Pierce. This firm posted a notice of the reduction in their pay. The men refused to accept iet. Thereupon the factory was closed down indefinitely.

There are at least two hundred molders out of work here, and as many more carpenters. The other trades are not better.

MILWAUKEE CITY TICKET.

S. L. P. Enters Field With F. R. Wilke For Mayor.

At the last meeting of Section Milwaukee, Wis., held January 30, the following comrades were nominated as candidates for the city election to be held April 4, 1904:

Mayor—Fr. R. Wilke.
Treasurer—John Vierthaler.
Comptroller—Gust. Storke.
City Attorney—Chas. H. Minkley.
Admission free.

WOOLEN WEAVERS.

Woolen and worsted weavers are requested to keep away from North Vassalboro, Maine, where there is at present a strike against a reduction in wages. Keep away from Woonsocket, Rhode Island—strike on there against two-loom system.

Daniel De Leon will lecture on "The Burning Question of Trades Unionism" at Manhattan Assembly Rooms, 15-17 E. Third street, on Tuesday, February 16, 8 p. m. Come and bring your friends.

The Pilgrim's Shell

OR

FERGAN THE QUARRYMAN

A Tale From the Feudal Times

By EUGENE SUE

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL FRENCH
By DANIEL DE LEON

Copyright 1904, by the New York Labor News Co.

PART I.—THE FEUDAL CASTLE.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RESCUE.

In her apartment, lighted by a lamp, Azenor the Pale was engaged in the preparation of the magical philter, promised by her to the seigneur of Plouernel. After blowing some powder on a fluid that she had poured into a flagon, she pulled out of a chest a little vial, whose contents she drank. Laying down the vial, she remarked with a sinister smile: "Now, Neroweg, you may come . . . I am ready for you." Then, taking up the flagon, half full with a solution of several powders, she proceeded: "This flagon must now be filled with blood . . . the imagination of these ferocious brutes must be struck . . . come . . ." she added with a sigh, turning towards the turret where the little Colombaik was secreted. Raising the curtain that masked the alcove, Azenor saw before her the innocent little creature huddled in a lump in a corner, and silently weeping. "Come," said the sorceress to him in a sweet voice, "come to me." The son of Fergan the Quarryman obeyed, he rose and advanced timidly. Wan, thin, broken with want, his pale mien had, like his mother's, Joan the Hunchback's, an inexpressible charm of kindness. "Must you always be sad?" inquired Azenor, sitting down and drawing the child near to her and to a table on which lay a poniard. "Why do you always weep?" The little fellow wept afresh. "What's the cause of your sorrow?"

"My mother, my father," faltered the child, without ceasing to weep, "I do not see them any more!"

"You love your mother and father very much?" Instead of answering the sorceress, the poor little one threw himself sobbing upon her neck. The woman could not resist the impulse of responding to the childish prompting of a caress, and she embraced Colombaik at the very moment when, fearing he had been disrespectful to Azenor, the child was about to drop on his knees before her. Sinking upon the floor, he broke out into copious tears. The young woman, more and more moved, silently contemplated Colombaik, murmuring to herself: "No, no. . . . I lack courage. . . . I shall not kill that poor child, a few drops of his blood will be enough for the philter." Already her hand approached the poniard on the table, when suddenly her ear caught an unusual noise in the turret. It was like the scraping of a chain drawn with difficulty over an iron bar. The sorceress, alarmed, pushed the child back and ran toward the turret at the moment that Fergan the Quarryman stepped in, pale, bathed in perspiration and holding in his hand his iron pick. Azenor drew back, dumb with stupor and fear, while Colombaik, with a cry of joy, rushed to the quarryman, holding up his arms to him and calling: "My father! my father!" Beside himself with happiness, Fergan dropped his iron bar, took up the child in his robust arms, and, raising him to his breast, pressed him passionately, interrogating the face of Colombaik with inexpressible anxiety, while the child, taking between his little hands the gruff face of the quarryman, covered it with kisses, muttering: "Good father! Oh, good father! I see you again at last!"

The serf, without noticing the presence of the sorceress, devoured Colombaik with his eyes. Presently he observed, with a profound sigh of relief: "He is pale, he has been weeping, but he does not seem to have suffered; they can't have hurt him!" Embracing Colombaik with frenzy, he repeated several times: "My poor child! How happy your mother will be!" But his paternal alarms being calmed, he remembered that he was not alone, and not doubting that Azenor was the sorceress, whose dreaded name had reached as far as the serfs of the seigniory, he put his child down, took up again his pick, approached the young woman slowly with a savage mien and said to her: "So, it is you, who have children kidnapped to serve your diabolical sorceries?" and with glistening eyes he raised his iron bar with both hands. "You will now die, infernal witch!"

"Father, do not kill her!" cried out the child impetuously, clasping the quarryman's legs with both his hands. "Oh, do not kill this good lady who was embracing me just as you came in!"

Fergan looked at Azenor, who, somber, pensive, her arms crossed upon her palpitating breast, seemed to brave death. Turning to the child: "Was this woman embracing you?"

"Yes, father; and since I have been here she has been kind to me. She has sought to console me. She even often rocked me in her arms."

"Why, then," said the quarryman to the sorceress, "did you have my child kidnapped? What have you to say!"

Azenor the Pale, without answering the question of the serf, and pursuing the thought that turned in her head, said: "Where does the passage run out through which you have penetrated to this turret?"

"What's that to you!"

The young woman stepped to a cabinet of massive oak, took from it a casket, opened it, and displaying before the quarryman the gold pieces that it was filled with, said: "Take this casket and let me accompany you. You have been able to enter this donjon by a secret passage, you will be able to get out again. We shall escape together from this accursed den. I pay a rich ransom."

"You . . . you mean to accompany me?"

"I wish to flee from this castle, where I am a prisoner, and run to rejoin at Angers William IX., Duke of Aquitaine——" Stopping short and leaning her ear towards the door, Azenor made a sign of silence to Fergan, and proceeded in a whisper: "I hear voices and steps on the staircase. Someone is coming up here. . . . It is Neroweg!"

"The count!" exclaimed the quarryman, with savage joy, stepping towards the door: "Oh, Worse than a Wolf, you will no longer bite! I shall kill the wretch!"

"Keep still or we are lost," interrupted Azenor in a low voice. "The Count is not alone; think of your child!" and pointing with rapid gesture to the cabinet of massive oak, she hastily whispered to the serf: "Push that piece of furniture across the door. Be quick! We shall have time to flee! Your enemy, Neroweg, has only a few more steps to climb! I hear his spurs clank upon the stone floor!"

Fergan, thinking only of the safety of his child, followed the advice of Azenor, and, thanks to the herculean strength he was endowed with, succeeded in pushing the massive piece of furniture across the door, which, thus barricaded, could not swing open into the room. The sorceress hastily wrapped herself in a mantle; took from the cabinet whence she had extracted the casket, a little leathern bag containing precious stones, and said to the quarryman, holding the casket out to him: "Take this gold and let's flee."

"Carry your gold, yourself! I shall carry my child and my pick to defend him!" answered the serf, taking up his iron bar with one hand, and placing on his left arm little Colombaik, who held fast by his father's neck. At that very moment the fugitives heard from without the sound of the key that turned in the lock, followed by the voice of the seigneur of Plouernel: "Who is holding that door back inside? Is that one of your enchantments, accursed sorceress?"

While the Count was beating against the door, and, redoubling his imprecations, vainly sought to force it, the quarryman, his son and Azenor, gathered in the turret, prepared to flee by the secret passage. One of the slabs of the flooring, being swung aside by means of a counterweight and chains wound around an iron axis, exposed the first step of a ladder so narrow that it could barely allow passage to one person at a time, and of such a slope at that spot that its first ten wrungs could be cleared only by sliding down almost on the back from step to step. Azenor was the first to undertake the narrow passage; the little Colombaik imitated her; the two were followed by Fergan, who then readjusted the counterweight. The stone slab, back again in its place, again masked the secret passage. This steep portion of the ladder was wrought in an abutment of the turret, where its base projected beyond the wall of the donjon. Its foot connected with the narrow stone spiral, which, wrought in the ten-foot thick wall, descended to the lowest depths of the donjon. At each landing, a skilfully masked outlet opened upon this secret passage, lighted by not a ray from without. But Fergan, equipped with his tinder box, punk and wick, of the kind that he helped himself with in the quarries, lighted the passage, and, with his iron pick in one hand, his light in the other, preceded his son and Azenor down the stone spiral. The descent was but slowly effected.

Presently the fugitives, leaving above them the level of the landing where the hall of the stone table was located, and which was situated on the ground floor, arrived at the place that corresponded with the subterranean cells. Here the passage served not merely as a means of retreat in case of a siege, it also afforded the chatelain an opportunity to spy upon the prisoners and overhear their confidential communications. By its construction, the cell of Bezenecq the Rich gave special facilities for such espionage. Furthermore, a slab three feet square by two inches thick, fastened in a strong oaken frame on hinges, constituted a sort of stone door, undistinguishable from the inside of the somber apartment, but easy to push open from without. Thus the seigneur reserved to himself an access to those subterraneous chambers, unknown even to the dwellers of the castle. Above the opening and within the cell was sculptured that hideous mask, whose sight had frightened the daughter of the merchant. The two eyes and the mouth of this grim figure, bored through the full thickness of the wall and exteriorly chiseled in the form of a niche, permitted the spy, posted at that place of concealment, to see the prisoners and overhear what they said. Thus it happened a few hours before that Fergan, climbing up by the light of his wick, had overheard the conversation between the Bishop of Nantes and Jeronimo, the legate of the Pope, and then that of the bourgeois of Nantes and his daughter. The fugitives were now on a level with the cell of Bezenecq, when suddenly brilliant rays of light shot through the openings in the stone mask, proceeding from a light within.

Fergan was in advance of his child and Azenor. He halted at the sound of rawkish peels of laughter—frightful, like those of a maniac. The serf peeped through the holes pierced in the eyes of the mask, and this was what he saw by the light of a lantern placed upon the ground. Two naked corpses, the one suspended by the neck from the iron gibbet fastened in the wall, the other by the groins from the iron prong. The former, rigid, horribly distended and dislocated by the enormous weight of the stone attached to his feet; the latter, hooked by the flesh upon the sharp prong that penetrated his entrails, was bent backwards with his arms dangling against his legs. These victims, captured shortly before, from a new troop of travelers on the territory of the seigneur of Plouernel and taken to this cell, better fitted out than the others with instruments of torture, did not survive the experience. The corpse of Bezenecq the Rich was chained to the gridiron above the dying embers of the coal fire. The agonies of that unhappy man had been so excruciating that his members, held fast by the iron bands, had been convulsively distended. Undoubtedly at the moment of expiring he had made a supreme effort to turn his head towards his daughter, so as to die with her in sight. The face of the merchant, blackened, frightful to behold, retained the expression of his agony. A few steps from the corpse of her father, cowering upon the straw bed, her knees held in her arms, Isoline swayed to and fro, emitting at intervals rythmic peels of maniacal laughter. She had gone crazy. Fergan, moved with pity, was considering how to deliver the daughter of Bezenecq, when the door of the cell opened and Gonthram, the eldest son of Neroweg, stepped in, a torch in his hands and his cheeks of purple. His eyes, his unsteady walk, all announced a high stage of inebriety. Approaching Isoline, he struck against the gridiron, where lay the corpse of the bourgeois of Nantes. Unmoved by that spectacle, Gonthram stepped towards the young girl, seized her rudely by the arm, and said in a maudlin voice: "Come, follow me!" The demented girl seemed not to hear, she did not even raise her eyes, and continued swaying to and fro and to laugh. "You are quite gay," observed the whelp; "I also am gay. Come upstairs. We shall laugh together!"

"Oh, traitor!" broke in a new personage, precipitating himself out of breath into the cell. "I made no doubt what you had in your mind when I saw you leave the table the moment my father went up to the sorceress!" And throwing himself upon his brother, Guy, the second son of Neroweg, cried out: "If you want the girl, you will have to pay for her with your blood!"

"Vile bastard! You, the son of my mother's chaplain! You dare to threaten me!" In his rage, increased by intoxication, Gonthram raised his burning torch, struck his brother with it in the face and drew his sword. Guy, uttering a furious imprecation, also drew his sword. The struggle was short. Guy fell lifeless at the feet of his brother, who exclaimed: "The bastard is dead. I am the better man. The girl is mine!" and rushing back to Isoline: "Now, you are mine!"

"No!" resounded a menacing voice, and before Gonthram, who had taken up the daughter of Bezenecq in his arms, had time to turn around, he received over his head a crushing blow with an iron bar, throwing him down upon his brother's body. From the place of concealment, where Fergan had stood, he saw the commencement of the fratricidal strife and had entered the cell by the secret opening when the fight was at its height between the two sons of Neroweg. Time was passing. Some of the men of the seigneur of Plouernel, observing the prolonged absence of the two whelps, might at any moment come down. Fergan took the poor maniac by the hand and led her to the secret opening. "Now, stoop, dear child, and get through the aperture." Isoline remained motionless. Renouncing all hope of being understood by her, Fergan pressed his two hands with force upon the shoulders of the child. "Woman," the serf cried out to Azenor the Pale, who had remained outside of the cell, contemplating the two bleeding bodies of the sons of Neroweg, "take the hand of this poor girl and try to draw her out."

"Why take this insane woman along?" said Azenor to Fergan. "She will retard our march and increase the difficulties of our flight."

"I wish to save this unfortunate being."

Sustained by Fergan, who preceded Colombaik, carrying the lighted wick, Isoline descended with difficulty the steps of the staircase. Penetrating ever deeper into the bowels of the earth, the fugitives arrived at the bottom of the stone spiral that connected with a tunnel, bored through the living rock at such a depth that, passing under the sheet of water of the gigantic pit, from the midst of which the donjon rose, it issued out into the open half a league away from the castle at a place concealed amid tumbling bowlders and brushwood.

CHAPTER X.

CUCKOO PETER.

Day was slowly breaking upon the fateful night during which the fugitives effected their escape from the manor of Plouernel. Joan the Hunchback, seated at the threshold of her hut, which lay at the extremity of the village, incessantly turned her eyes, red with weeping, towards the road by which Fergan, absent since the previous morning in quest of Colombaik, was expected. Suddenly the female serf heard from afar a great tumult, caused by the approach of a large crowd of people. At intervals confused and prolonged clamors were heard rising above the din, frantically crying out: "God wills it! God wills it!" Finally Joan saw a crowd of people turning a road that led to the village. At the head marched a monk mounted on a white mule, whose bones protruded from its skin, together with a man-at-arms astride of a small black horse, not less lean than the mule of his companion.

The monk, called by some Peter the Hermit, but by most Cuckoo Peter, wore a tattered brown frock, on the left sleeve of which near the shoulder was sewn a cross of red material, the rallying sign of the Crusaders on the holy march of the Crusade. A rope served him for a belt. His unhosed feet, shod in worn-out sandals, rested on wooden stirrups. His cowl, pushed back, exposed a bald head, boney and grimy like the rest of his face, bronzed by the hot sun of Palestine. His hollow eyes, glistening with a somber fire, flamed from the depths of their orbits. His haggard looks expressed savage fanaticism. In one hand he held a cross of rude wood, hardly planed, with which ever and anon he smote the crupper of his mule to quicken its pace.

The companion of Cuckoo Peter was a Gascon knight surnamed Walter the Pennyless. Of a physiognomy as grotesque and jovial as that of the monk was savage and funereal, the mere sight of the knight provoked a smile. His eyes, sparkling with mischief, his inordinately long nose, that almost kissed the chin, his rakish mouth, slit from ear to ear, his features hinged on a perpetual grin, amused from the start, and when he spoke, his buffoonery and his mirthful sallies, delivered with southern spirit, carried hilarity to its highest pitch. Wearing on his head a rusty, cracked and knocked-in casque, ornamented with a bunch of goose feathers, his chest covered with a breastplate no less rusty, no less cracked and no less knocked in than his casque, Walter the Pennyless also wore the red cross on the left sleeve of his patched cloak. Shod in cowhides, fastened with cords around his long heron legs, he bore himself with as triumphant an air on his lean black hirsute horse, that he named the "Sun of Glory," as if he bestrode a mettlesome charger. His long sword, sheathed in wood, named by him the "Sweetheart of the Faith," hung from his leathern shoulder belt. On his left arm he bore a shield of tin, covered with vulgar pictures. One of these, filling the upper part, represented a man clad in rags, knapsack on back and pilgrim staff in hand, departing on the Crusade, as indicated by the cross of red stuff painted on his shoulder. The lower picture represented the same man, no longer wan and haggard, no longer dressed in tatters, but splendidly fitted out, bursting with fat, and spread upon a bed, covered with purple cloth, beside a beautiful Saracen woman, with nothing on but collar and bracelets. A Saracen, wearing a turban and humbly kneeling, poured out the contents of a coffer full of gold at the foot of the bed where the Crusader was frolicking with his female bedfellow in an obscene posture. The very crudity of the idea expressed by these vulgar pictures was calculated to make a lively impression upon the childish imagination of the multitude.

At the heels of Cuckoo Peter and Walter the Pennyless followed a mob of men, women and children, serfs and villeins, mendicants and vagabonds, prostitutes and professional thieves, the latter distinguishable by their cropped ears, as well as the murderers, some of whom, in a spirit of sanguinary ostentation, bedecked their breasts with pieces of black cloth bearing in white one, or two, sometimes three skulls—a sinister emblem, denoting that the holy Crusade gave absolution for murder, however frequently committed by the criminal. All bore the red cross on the left sleeve. Women carried on their backs their children too young to walk, or too tired to proceed on the route. Other women, in an advanced stage of pregnancy, leaned on the arms of their husbands, loaded with a bag containing all their havings. The least poor of the Crusaders traveled on donkeys, on mules or in wagons. They carried all their belongings with them, even to their pigs and chickens. The latter, fastened by the legs to the rails of the wagons, kept up a deafening cackle. Other poor people dragged their milk goats after them, or a loaded sheep, or even one or more cows.

Contrasting with this tattered multitude, here and there some couples were seen, the cavalier in the saddle, his paramour on the crupper, happy to escape through that holy pilgrimage the jealous or disturbing surveillance of a father or a husband. These runaways also took the route of the Orient. Among them was Eucher with the handsome Yolande, dispossessed of her father's heritage by the seigneur of Plouernel. They had sold a few jewels, given one-half the proceeds to Yolande's mother, and with the rest the lovers bought a mule on which to follow the Crusaders to Jerusalem.

This mob, consisting of three or four thousand persons, moving from Angers and surrounding localities, recruited its forces all along the route with new pilgrims. The faces of the serfs and villeins breathed joy. For the first time in their lives they left an accursed land, soaked in the sweat of their brow and in their blood, and to which, from generation to generation, they and their fathers had been chained down by the will of the seigneurs. At last they tasted a day of freedom, an inestimable happiness to the slave. Their joyous cries, their disorderly songs, gross, licentious, resounded far and wide, and ever and anon they repeated with frenzy the words, hurled out by Cuckoo Peter in a hoarse voice: "Death to the Saracens! Let's march to the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre! God wills it!" At other times they echoed the Gascon cavalier, Walter the Pennyless: "To Jerusalem, the city of marvels! Ours is Jerusalem, the city of pleasures, of good wine, of beautiful women, of gold, and of sunshine! Ours is the Promised Land!"

Singing, dancing, uproarious with gladness, the troop crossed the village and passed by the hut of Fergan. The serfs, instead of betaking themselves to the fields for their hard day's labor, ran ahead of the train, shut in at that moment between two lines of ruined houses that bordered the road. Joan, standing at the threshold of her door, looked at this mob as it passed, with a mixture of astonishment and fear. A big scamp of a gallows bird, nicknamed by his companions Corentin the Gibbet-cheater, was giving his arm to a young wench that went by the name of Perrette the Ribald. She noticed poor Joan the Hunchback at her door and cried out to her, alluding to her deformity: "Halloa, you there, who carry your baggage on your back, come with us to Jerusalem; you will be admired there as one of the prodigies among the other marvels!"

"By the navel of the Pope! By the buttocks of Satan! You are right, my ribald!" cried the Gibbet-cheater. "There can be no hunchbacks in Jerusalem, a land of beautiful Saracen women, according to our friend Walter the Pennyless. We shall exhibit this hunchback for money. Come on!" said the bandit, seizing Joan by the arm, "follow us, you camel!"

"Yes, yes," added Perrette the Ribald, laughing loudly and seizing the other arm of the quarryman's wife, "come to Jerusalem; come to the land of marvels!"

"Leave me alone!" said the poor woman, struggling to disengage herself. "For pity's sake, leave me! I am expecting my husband and my child!"

Forced to follow her persecutors, and carried, despite herself, by the stream of the Crusaders, Joan, fearing to be stifled or crushed under foot by the crowd, sought no longer to struggle against the current. Suddenly, instead of proceeding onward, the mob swayed back, and these words ran from mouth to mouth: "Silence! Cuckoo Peter and Walter the Pennyless are going to speak! Silence!" A deep silence ensued. Halting in the middle of a large open space, where, gaping with curiosity, the serfs of the village stood gathered together, the monk and his companion prepared themselves to harangue these poor rustic plebs. Cuckoo Peter reined in his white mule and rising in his stirrups, he screamed in a hoarse yet penetrating voice, addressing the serfs of the seigniory of Plouernel: "Do you, Christian folks, know what is going on in Palestine? The divine tomb of the Saviour is in the hands of the Saracens! The Holy Sepulchre of our Lord is in the power of the infidels! Woe is us! Woe! Malediction! Malediction!" And the monk struck his chest, tore his frock, rolled his hollow eyes in their sockets, ground his teeth, foamed at the mouth, went through a thousand contortions on his mule, and resumed with increased fury: "The infidel is lord in Jerusalem, the Holy City! The miscreant insults the tomb of Christ with his presence! And you, Christians, my brothers, you remain indifferent before so horrible a sacrilege! Before such an abomination——"

"No, no!" cried back with one voice the mob of the Crusaders. "Death to the infidels! Let's deliver the tomb! Let's march to Jerusalem, the city of marvels and of beauty! God wills it! God wills it!"

The serfs of the village, ignorant, besotted, timid, opened wide their eyes and ears, and looked at one another, never before having heard the name of Jerusalem or of the Saracens mentioned, and unabled to explain the fury and contortions of the monk. Accordingly, Martin the Prudent, the same who, two days before, had ventured to depict to the bailiff the sufferings of his fellows, timidly said to Cuckoo Peter: "Holy patron, seeing that our Lord Jesus Christ sits on his throne in heaven, together with God the Father in eternal glory, what can it be to him whether his tomb be in the hands of the people whom you call Saracens? Kindly enlighten us."

"That's what we would like to know," joined another serf, a young fellow who looked less stupid than the others. "We want to know that first."

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed Walter the Pennyless. "By my valiant sword, the Sweetheart of the Faith! Here have we a rude questioner. What's your name, my brave lad?"

"My name is Colas the Bacon-cutter."

"As surely as ham is the friend of wine, you must be a relative of my friend Simon the Porkrind-scraper," replied the Gascon knight, amidst peals of laughter from the serfs, who were delighted by this sally. "So, then, you would like to know, my worthy Colas the Bacon-cutter, what it can matter to Jesus Christ, enthroned in heaven with the Eternal Father and the sweet dove, the Holy Ghost, if his sepulchre is held by the Saracens?"

(Continued on Page 3.)

The Pilgrim's Shell

(Continued from Page 2.)

"Yes, seigneur," rejoined the serf; "because, if that displeases him, how is it that, seeing he is God and omnipotent, he does not exterminate them? Why does he not turn those Saracens into pulp at a single wafture of his hand?"

"Woe is us! Abomination! Desolation of the world!" ejaculated Cuckoo Peter, breaking in upon the Gascon adventurer, who was about to answer. "Oh, ye people without faith, ingrates, impious and rebellious children! Jesus Christ gave his blood to redeem you. Is that so or not?"

"Serfs were our fathers, serfs are we, serfs will our children be," retorted Colas the Bacon-cutter. "We have not been redeemed, holy father, as you claim."

The answer of young Colas unquestionably embarrassed the monk; he shot at him threatening glances, writhed on his mule and resumed in a thundering voice: "Malediction! Desolation! Oh, ye of little faith! Jesus has given you his blood to redeem you, and you, in return, refuse to shed the blood of those accursed Saracens, who every day outrage his sepulchre! This is what the divine Saviour has said. . . . Do you hear? . . . Here is what he said. . . . Listen . . ."

Walter the Pennyless here broke in with his own harangue: "Those accursed Saracens are gorged with gold, with precious stones, with silver vessels; they inhabit a marvelous country where there is a profusion without the trouble of cultivation: Golden wheat fields, delicious fruits, exquisite wines, sweethearts of all complexions! One must go there to believe it! Think of it! Winter is unknown, spring eternal. The poorest of those infidel dogs have homes of white marble and enchanting gardens, embellished with limpid fountains. The beggars, clad in silk, play tennis with rubies and diamonds." A murmur of astonishment, then of admiration ran through the serfs. Their eyes fixed, their mouths agape, their hands clasped, they listened with increasing avidity to the Gascon adventurer. "Such is the miraculous country inhabited by those infidel dogs, and the Christians, the beloved children of the holy Catholic Church, inhabit dens, eat black bread, drink brackish water, shiver under a sky frozen in winter and rainy in summer. No, let all the devils take it! Let my beloved brothers come to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre, exterminate the infidels, and then they will have for their reward the prodigious lands of Palestine! Theirs be Jerusalem, the city of silver ramparts, with golden gates, studded with carbuncles! Theirs be the wines, the beautiful maids, the riches of the accursed Saracens! If you wish all that, good people, it is yours!" Then, turning to Peter the Hermit, "Not so, holy man?"

"It is the truth," answered Cuckoo Peter; "it is the truth. *The goods of the sinner are reserved for the just.*"

In the measure that the adroit lieutenant of Cuckoo Peter had held up to the dazzled eyes of the poor villagers the ravishing picture of the delights and riches of Palestine, a good number of those famished serfs, clad in tatters and who all their lives had not crossed the boundaries of the seigniory of Plouernel, began to tremble with ardent covetousness and feverish hope. Others, more timid or less credulous, hesitated in believing those marvels. Of these old Martin the Prudent was the organ. Turning to his fellows: 'My friends, that knight, on the back of that little black horse that looks like an ass, has said to you: 'One must go to that country to believe these marvels by seeing them with his own eyes.' Now, then, it is my opinion that it is better to believe them than to go and see them. It is not enough to depart for those regions. One must be certain of provisions on the route, and to return from such a distance."

"Old Martin is right," put in several serfs. "Let's take his advice and stay home."

"Besides," added another serf, "those Saracens will not allow themselves to be plundered without resisting. There will be blows received . . . men killed . . . thousands of them."

These views, exchanged aloud, no wise troubled the Gascon adventurer. He drew his famous sword, the Sweetheart of the Faith, and indicating with its point the pictures that ornamented his shield, he cried out in his cheerful and catching accent: "Good friends, see you this poor man with his cane in his hand? He departed for the Holy Land, his pouch as empty as his belly, his knap-sack as hollow as his cheeks. He is so ragged that one would think a pack of dogs had been at him! Look at him, the poor fellow, he is really to be pitied. What misery! What pinching poverty, my friends!"

"Yes, yes," the serfs exclaimed together, "he is really to be pitied."

"And now, my friends, what see you here?," resumed the Gascon adventurer, touching with the point of his sword the second picture on his shield. "Here is our very man, one time poor! You do not recognize him. I do not wonder, he is no longer the same, and yet it is himself, round of cheeks, clad like a seigneur and bursting his skin. Beside him lies a beautiful female Saracen slave, while at his feet a male Saracen comes to surrender his treasure! Well, now, my friends, this man, once so poor, so ragged at home, is you, is I, is all of us, and that same friend so plump, so sleek, so well clad, that, again, will be you, will be I, will be all of us, once we are in Palestine. Come, then, on the Crusade! Come and deliver the tomb of the Saviour! The devil take the rags, the rickety huts, the straw litters and the black bread! Let ours be marble palaces, silk robes, purple carpets, goblets of delicious wines, full purses, and beauteous Saracen women to rock us to sleep with their songs! Come to the Crusade!"

"Come, come!," cried out Cuckoo Peter. "If you are guilty of robbery, of arson, of murder, of prostitution, if you have committed adultery, fratricide or parricide—all your sins will be remitted. Come to the Crusade! Do you need an example, my brothers? William IX, Duke of Aquitaine, an impious fellow, a ravisher, a debauché who counts his crimes and adulteries by the thousands, William IX, that bedeviled criminal, departs tomorrow from the city of Angers for Palestine, white as a paschal lamb."

"And I, white as a swan!" interjected Corentin the Gibbet-cheater. "God wills it! Let's depart for Jerusalem!"

"And I as white as a dove!" said Perette the Ribald, with a peal of laughter. "God wills it! Let's depart for Jerusalem!"

"Yes, yes; let's depart on the Crusade!" cried out the more daring of the villagers, intoxicated with hope. "Let's depart for Jerusalem." Others, less resolute, less venturesome, and of these was the larger number, took the advice of Martin the Prudent, fearing to stake their fate, whatever their present misery, upon the cast of a dangerous voyage and of unknown countries. They deemed insane the exaltation of their fellows in servitude. Finally, others, still hesitated to take so grave a step, and Colas the Bacon-cutter addressed Walter the Pennyless: "To depart is easy enough. But what will our seigneur say to that? He has forbidden us to leave his domains on pain of having our feet cut off. And he will surely have the order carried out!"

"Your seigneur!" answered the Gascon adventurer breaking out in a horse-laugh. "Scorn your seigneur as you would a wolf caught in a trap! Ask these good people who follow us whether they have bothered about their seigneurs!"

"No, no, the devil take the seigneurs!" cried out the Crusaders. "We are going to Jerusalem. God wills it! God wills it!"

"What!" put in Cuckoo Peter, "the Eternal wants a thing, and a seigneur, a miserable earthworm will dare oppose His will! Oh, desolation! Eternal malediction upon the seigneur, upon the father, upon the husband, upon the mother, who would dare resist the holy impulse of their children, their wives, their serfs, who run to the deliverance of the tomb of the Lord!"

These words of Peter the Hermit were received with acclamation by the Crusaders. The beautiful Yolande and her lover, Eucher, as well as other loving couples, cried out in emulation and louder than the others: "God wills it! There is no will above his!"

"Master Walter the Pennyless," resumed Colas the Bacon-cutter, scratching the back of his ear, "is it far from here to Jerusalem?"

"The distance is from sin to safety!" bellowed Cuckoo Peter. "The road is short for the believers, endless for the impious! Are you a Christian or a miscreant? Are you an idolater or a good Catholic?"

Colas the Bacon-cutter, finding himself, no more than some other serfs who still hesitated, sufficiently instructed by the monk's answer on the distance of the journey, asked again: "Father, it is said to be a long ways from here to Nantes. Is it as far to Jerusalem?"

"Oh, man of little faith!" answered Peter the Hermit, "dare you measure the road that leads to Paradise and to the Holy Virgin?"

"By the four swift feet of my good horse, the Sun of Glory! They are thinking of the length of the road!" exclaimed Walter the Pennyless. "See here, my friends, does the bird that escapes from its cage inquire the length of the road when it can fly to freedom? Does not the ass in the mill, turning his grindstone and tramping from dawn to dusk in the same circle, travel as much as the stag that roves through the woods at pleasure? Oh, my good friends, is it not better, instead of, like the ass of the mill, incessantly to tramp this seigniorial soil unto which you are chained, to march in search of adventures, free, happy like the stag in the forest, and every day see new countries?"

"Yes, yes," replied Colas, "the stag in the forest is better off than the ass in the mill. Let's depart for Palestine!"

"Yes, let's depart for Palestine!" the cry now went up from several other villagers. "On to that land of marvels!"

"My friends, be careful what you do," insisted Martin the Prudent. "The ass in the mill at least receives in the evening his meager pittance. The stags of the forest do not pasture in herds, hence they find a sufficiency in the woods. But if you depart with this large troop, which swells as it marches, you will be thousands of thousands when you reach Jerusalem. Who, then, my friends, will feed you? Who is to lodge you on the road? Who is to furnish you with clothes and footwear?"

"And who is it that lodges and feeds the birds of the good God, man of little faith?" Cuckoo Peter exclaimed. "Do the birds carry their provisions with them? Do they not raid the harvests along their route, resting at night under the eaves of the houses? Answer, ye hardened sinners!"

"By the faith of the Gibbet-cheater, you may trust that man!" here put in Corentin. "As truly as Perrette is a daisy, our route from Angers to this place has been but one continuous raid to us big birds on two legs. What feasts we have had? Poultry and pigeons! Hams and sausages! Pork and mutton! Tons of wine! Tons of hydromel! By my belly and my back, we have raided for everything on our passage, leaving behind us but bones to gnaw at and empty barrels to turn over!"

"And if those people were to complain," added Perrette the Ribald with her usual outburst of laughter, "we would answer them: 'Shut up, ninnies! Cuckoo Peter has read in the holy books that '*the goods of the sinner are reserved for the just!*' Are not we the *just,* we who are on the march to deliver the holy tomb? And are not you *sinners,* you who stay here stagnating in your cowardice? And if these ninnies said but a word, the Gibbet-cheater, backed by our whole band, would soon have convinced them with a thorough caning."

These sallies of Perrette and Corentin completed the conversion of those serfs who still hesitated. Seeing in the voyage but a long and merry junket, a goodly number of them, Colas the Bacon-cutter at their head, cried out in chorus: "Let's depart for Jerusalem, the country of beautiful girls, good wines and ingots of gold!"

"Onward, march, my friends! Trouble your heads neither about the road, nor about lodging, nor yet about food. The good God will provide!" cried Walter the Pennyless. "On the march! On the march! If you have provisions, take them along. Have you a donkey? mount him. Have you wagons? hitch on, and put wife and children in them. If you have nothing but your legs, gird up your loins, and on to Jerusalem! We are hundreds upon hundreds; we soon shall be thousands upon thousands; and presently we shall number hundreds of thousands. Upon our arrival in Palestine we shall find treasures and delights for all—beautiful women, good wine, rich robes, and lumps of gold in plenty!"

"And we shall all have gained eternal salvation! We shall have a seat in Paradise!" added Cuckoo Peter in a strident voice, brandishing his wooden cross over his head. "Let's depart for Jerusalem! God wills it!"

"Forward, let's depart for Palestine!" cried out a hundred of the villagers, carried away by Colas, despite the prudent advice of Martin. These ill-starred men, a prey to a sort of delirium, ran to their huts and gathered up the little that they possessed. Some loaded their asses in haste; others, less poor, hitched a horse or a yoke of oxen to a wagon and placed their families on board; while Peter the Hermit and Walter the Pennyless, to the end of inflaming still more the ardor of these new recruits of the faith in the midst of their preparations for the journey, struck up the chant of the Crusades that was soon taken up in chorus by all the Crusaders:

"Jerusalem! Jerusalem! City of marvels! Happiest among all cities! You are the subject of the vows of the angels! You constitute their happiness! You will be our delight!

"The wood of the cross is our standard. Let's follow that banner that marches on before, guided by the Holy Ghost!

"Jerusalem! Jerusalem! City of marvels! Happiest among all cities! You are the subject of the vows of the angels! You constitute their happiness! You will be our delight!"

Joan the Hunchback, having succeeded in freeing herself from the hands of Corentin and his wench, had pushed herself not without great pains, out of the compact mob, and was about to start back to her humble home by cutting across the skirt of the village, intending to wait for the return of her husband and child, a return that she hardly ventured to hope for. Suddenly she turned deadly pale and tried to scream, but terror deprived her of her voice. From the somewhat raised ground where she stood, Joan saw, down the plain, Fergan carrying his son in his arms, and running with all his might towards the village, with Garin the Serf-eater at his heels. The latter, giving his horse the spurs, followed the serf, sword in hand. Several men-at-arms on foot, following at a distance the tracks of the bailiff, sought to make up to him in order to render him armed assistance. Despite his efforts to escape, Fergan led Garin by barely fifty paces. The lead was shortened from moment to moment. Already within but two paces, and believing the quarryman to be within reach of his sword, the bailiff had sought to strike him down by leaning over the neck of his horse. Thanks to several doublings, like those that hares make when pursued by the hound, Fergan escaped death. Making, finally, a desperate leap, he ran several steps straight ahead with indescribable swiftness, and then suddenly disappeared from the sight of Joan as if he had sunk into the bowels of the earth. A second later the poor woman saw Garin reining in his horse with great effort near the spot where the quarryman had just disappeared from view; he raised his sword heavenward, and then, instead of proceeding straight ahead, turned to the left and followed at a full gallop a hedge of green that traversed the valley diagonally. Joan then understood that her husband, having jumped with the child to the bottom of a deep trench, which the bailiff's horse could not clear, at the very moment when he would have been struck down by the bailiff, the latter had been compelled to ride along the edge of the trench to a point where he might cross it, in order to proceed to the village, where he counted upon capturing the quarryman. Joan feared lest her husband and child were hurt in the leap. But soon she saw her little Colombaik climb out of the trench with the aid of his little hand and supported by his father, whose arms only were visible. Presently Fergan also climbed out, picked up the child again, and carrying that dear load, continued to flee at a full run towards the village, which he aimed at reaching before the bailiff. Despite her weakness, Joan rushed forward to meet her child and her husband, and joined them. Fergan, without stopping and keeping the child in his arms, hurriedly said to his wife, almost out of breath and exhausted: "Let's reach the village. Let's get in ahead of Garin, and we shall be safe!"

"My dear Colombaik, you are here at last!" Joan said, while running beside the serf and devouring the child with her eyes, forgetting at the sight of him both the present perils and the past, while Colombaik, smiling and reaching out his little arms, said: "Mother! mother! How happy am I to see you again! Dear, good mother!"

"Oh," said the serf while redoubling his efforts to gain the village before Garin, who was driving his horse at full speed, "had I not been delayed burying a dead woman at the egress of the tunnel, I would have been here before daybreak. We would have met to flee together."

"My child! They have not hurt you?" Joan was thinking only of her child, one of whose hands she had seized and was kissing while weeping with joy, and running beside her husband. At that moment the chant of the Crusaders' departure resounded from afar with renewed fervor: "Jerusalem! City of marvels!"

"What songs are these?" inquired the quarryman. "What big crowd is that, gathered yonder? Whence come all these people?"

"Those are people who are going, they say, to Jerusalem. A large number of the inhabitants of the village are following them. They are like crazy!"

"Then we are really saved!" exclaimed the quarryman, seized with a sudden thought. "Let's depart with them!"

"What, Fergan!" demanded Joan out of breath and exhausted with her precipitate gait. "We to go far away with our child!"

But the serf, who found himself at the most a hundred paces from the village, made no answer, and followed by Joan, he finally reached the crowd, into the midst of which he dived, holding Colombaik and exhausted with fatigue, while, muttering to his wife: "Oh, saved! We are saved!"

Garin, who had continued driving his horse along the trench until he reached a spot where he could cross, observed with astonishment the crowd of people that blocked his way and access to the village. Drawing near, he saw coming towards him several of the serfs who preferred their crushing servitude to the chances of a distant and unknown voyage. Among these was old Martin the Prudent. Seeking to flatter the bailiff, he said to him trembling: "Good master Garin, we are not of those rebels who dare to flee from the lands of their seigneur to go to Palestine with that troop of Crusaders, that are traveling through the country. We do not intend to abandon the domain of our seigneur. We wish to work for him to our last day."

"S-death!" cried out the bailiff, forgetting the quarryman at the announcement of the desertion of a large number of the serfs. "The wretches who have thought of fleeing will be punished." The crowd, opening up before the horse of Garin, he reached the monk and Walter the Pennyless, who were pointed to him as the chiefs of the Crusaders. "By what right do you thus enter with a large troop upon the territory of my seigneur, Neroweg VI, sovereign Count of Plouernel?" Then, raising his voice still more and turning to the villagers: "Those of you, serfs and villeins, who had the audacity of following these vagabonds, shall have their hands and feet cut on the spot, like rebels——"

"Impious man! Blasphemer!" exclaimed Cuckoo Peter breaking in upon the bailiff in a thundering voice. "Dare you threaten the Christians who are on the march to deliver the tomb of the Lord? Woe be unto you!——"

"You frocked criminal," the bailiff in turn interrupted, boiling with rage, and drawing his sword, "you dare issue orders in the seigniory of my master!" Saying which, Garin, driving his horse towards the monk, raised his sword over him. But Peter the Hermit parried the move with his heavy wooden cross, and struck the bailiff such a hard blow with it over his casque, that the latter, dazed for a moment, let fall his sword.

"Death to the bandit, who would cut off the feet and hands of the avengers of Christ!" several voices cried out. "Death to him! Death!"

"Yes, death!" yelled the serfs of the village, who had made up their minds to depart for the Holy Land, and who abhorred the bailiff. "Death to Garin the Serf-eater! He shall eat none more!" With that, Colas the Bacon-cutter threw him from his horse, and in a moment the bailiff, trodden under foot, was slaughtered and torn to pieces. The serfs broke his bones, cut off his head, and Colas the Bacon-cutter, taking up the livid head of the Serf-eater with the prong of his pitch-fork, raised the bleeding trophy above the mob. Carrying it on high, he rejoined the troop of the Crusaders, whereupon the crowd marched away singing at the top of their voices:

"Jerusalem! Jerusalem! City of marvels! Happiest among all cities! You are the subject of the vows of the angels! You constitute their happiness! You will be our delight!

"The wood of the cross is our standard. Let's follow that banner that marches on before, guided by the Holy Ghost!

"God wills it! God wills it! God wills it."

(To be Continued.)

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT NOTES

The falling off in business everywhere since the first of the year has been felt in this office, too, but we are beginning to pick up slowly. Two hundred and twenty subscriptions to The Weekly People came in during the week. This is only a small increase over the previous, but the outlook for the future seems very bright. Quite a number of letters have been received from various places stating that the circulation of The Weekly People is going to be pushed in earnest. These promises are all right, but should not be forgotten as soon as they are made. The success of our movements depends almost entirely on the voluntary efforts of each individual member or sympathizer. If a large circulation for our press is to be built up, it will be the result of co-operative efforts of all who believe in the principles which that press stands for.

Attention is called to the methods of some comrades who organize themselves into committees of two and go from house to house canvassing for subscriptions. Where this has been tried it has proved successful. There are a great many who are well adapted for this work and can easily set aside one or two evenings a week or Sunday mornings to go out and solicit. Always try to get yearly subs. It is often as easy to get them as for six months.

The Prepaid Post Cards and Postal Cards can be had in any quantity, but we prefer not to sell them in small quantities, as the cost of mailing and registering is just as great. Order them in five dollar lots whenever possible.

Comrade Goodwin sends in another list of eighteen subscribers from Los Angeles, Cal.

The Connecticut S. E. C. takes five blocks of prepaid blanks, Section Newark, N. J., and London, Ont., and the 34th A. D., New York, one block each. Comrade Reinstein of Buffalo, takes twenty prepaid postal cards for yearly subs.

Five or more subs' were sent in as follows: J. F. Jennings, Endicott, Mass., 12; Reinstein and Young, Buffalo, N. Y., 8; G. A. Jennings, East St. Louis, Ills., 7; Fred Brown, Cleveland, O., 5; E. Singewald, So. Norwalk, Conn., 5; Section London, Ont. 5; J. A. Leach, Phoenix, Ariz., 5; 34th A. D., New York, 5.

Comrade De Leon's lecture on "The Burning Question of Trades Unionism," to be delivered in New York city on Feb. 16th., at the Manhattan Assembly Rooms, will be published in The Sunday and Weekly People soon thereafter. Those who want bundles of The Weekly containing the lecture should send in their orders now. The date of publication will be announced later. Send in names and addresses of trade unionists to whom you desire to have sample copies sent. And by all means get your orders in early, as we will not be able to fill them if they are received after the paper is printed.

Once more we ask that those who are indebted to this office do not use Prepaid Post Cards or Postal Cards to cancel their obligations with. It causes confusion and an extra amount of clerical work. Use them only for subscriptions to The Weekly People.

Any one not having steady employment and wishing to take up soliciting as a side line will be allowed a liberal commission. Write for particulars.

LABOR NEWS DEPARTMENT.

Among the supplies sent out this week was a large number of leaflets, pamphlets and 100 buttons to supply the new Socialist Labor Party of the Rand, which was started at Johannesburg, South Africa, in December.

Bebel's "Women Under Socialism" is now on the press and it will go to the bindery the early part of next week. A thousand will be ready for distribution within a week.

Remember that "The Pilgrim's Shield, or, Fergan the Quarryman," now running in The Sunday and Weekly People, will be printed in book form by the Labor News Company, as soon as it is finished as a serial. This week's instalment ends Part 1 of the book. If you have missed any instalment you can get it later in the completed book.

We have leaflets particularly applicable to the present industrial depression. Send for a bundle of "The Industrial Crisis," "The Downfall of the Middle Class," "The Unemployed," and "Social Effect of Machinery." 15 cents for 100, $1.25 for 1,000.

One of the best leaflets to use, if you are out to aid the party press, is "Some Things a Workingman Should know." It was especially prepared for canvassers for The People. Buy a bundle of 100 at 15 cents.

THIS MEANS YOU!

Read this! It means you, especially if you are a member of the S. L. P., the Alliance, or the Scandinavian Socialist Club. Wherever you may be your mite will be appreciated, so don't wait for any further invitation to contribute, but contribute at once to the Fair of the Scandinavian Socialist Club, and the S. L. P. of Massachusetts.

This Fair is being run in the interest of the Party press, three-quarters of the proceeds to go to the Massachusetts S. L. P. and one-quarter to the "Arbetaren."

The General Committee of the Massachusetts S. L. P. take this means to raise the funds to purchase twenty Daily People Loan Certificates, which the last State Convention ordered that the General Committee obtain.

To those who read this, but who do not yet belong to the S. L. P., the Alliance, or the Scandinavian Socialist Club, we remind you that this is your fight that we are fighting, and we want you, as a workingman, to do your duty to aid in emancipating the class you belong to. The press of the S. L. P. is the mightiest engine of liberation within the means of the working class. We want to raise the debt on that press, and we want you to help us. You can do so by sending some present to the Fair Committee (see adv. in Sunday and Weekly People), and by patronizing the Fair on the following dates: Thursday, February 25; Friday, February 26; Saturday, February 27. Come; bring your families and your friends, and help make this Fair a success.

Don't think that you cannot do anything to assist, but get after the matter at once. Send some present or other, and be present yourself at the Fair, Minot Hall, corner West Springfield and Washington streets, Boston, on February 25-26-27. Do something for yourself, do something for your press, do something for your class.

Remember that it is the cause of the working class, that "we have nothing but our chains to lose: we have a world to gain." Let us do what we can to gain it.

Remember the Fair. Fraternally,

Michael T. Berry,
Secretary Mass. S. L. P.
99 1-2 Chestnut street, Lynn, Mass.

WEEKLY PEOPLE

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SOCIALIST VOTE IN THE UNITED STATES:

In 1888	2,068
In 1892	21,157
In 1896	36,564
In 1900	34,191
In 1902	53,763

The working class is responsible for the conditions under which they live, as they have the power, with their votes, backed by their strong arms, to smash the system and rear the Socialist Republic.

"ALBANY, 1901."

Deluded by the belief that "Labor Laws," left to capitalist governments to enforce, are a protection to Labor, the trolleymen of Albany struck in 1901 to enforce the law applicable to their case—just as the Buffalo switchmen, yielding to the same delusion, had done before in 1892, and the Brooklyn trolleymen in 1895; and just as the Buffalo and the Brooklyn men had fared, fared the Albany men. The Governor of Republican-Democratic capitalism called out the militia, and "settled" the strike in favor of the law-breaking capitalist owners of the roads and lines. The parallel is accurate in another and important respect. At Buffalo, at Brooklyn and at Albany, the militia, realizing that it was to exemplify the essentially lawless mind of the capitalist class, and not finding any "rioting strikers" to shoot, made targets of innocent spectators. At Buffalo and at Brooklyn two boys, wholly guiltless, were shot. At Albany an innocent shopkeeper, standing at the door of his own shop and peaceably looking on, was sent to his death.

Now, then, the Twenty-third Regiment, N. G. N. Y., the regiment that "helped along" at Buffalo and at Brooklyn and that was "the whole thing" at Albany, celebrated on last January 23 the forty-second anniversary of its foundation with a superb banquet at the Hotel Vendome, and there proudly, hilariously, amidst flowing champagne, sang the following song, composed by one of their own:

Albany, 1901.

Air: "Dolly Gray."

Without warning came the call—Albany.
No one thought 'twould come at all—Albany.
Snatched from theatre, home or club,
Without time for even grub,
Marshalled by the junior "Sub"—Albany.
Fierce and warlike were the sounds—Albany,
Fortified by forty rounds—Albany,
Blankets rolled and ponchas too,
Some old timers, some quite new,
Good for service still with you—Albany.

CHORUS:
Good-bye, Strikers, we must leave you,
For we've not been asked to stay.
Something tells us we'll be needed, back again with you some day.
You're not weeping at our leaving,
But you learned a thing or two;
We'll be ready at your calling, for we're "dead onto you."

What a welcome you can give—Albany.
Such wit should always live—Albany.
Billingsgate you do not lack,
As your merry jests you crack,
We were butts—but butts hit back—Albany.
Do you think you own the Land—Albany,
And on your rights still stand—Albany?
Can't you find another name
Fit to print without such shame,
Still you didn't find us tame—Albany.
CHO.

How you changed your first idea—Albany,
As our meaning was made clear—Albany.
When 'tis Gin-mill cleaning day
Or some streets are cleared to stay,
We mean just what we say—Albany.
"Tin Soldiers," we may be—Albany,
But it's "tin" to one you'll flee—Albany.
Thank the Lord we're home again—
From your mud and driving rain—
But our memory will remain—Albany.
CHO.

The matter points the finger not in one direction only. Just now when Mr. Hanna's Vice-President, Gompers, despite the atrocities that are being committed at this very hour by the Colorado militia, is putting in good words for the militia, and declaring Labor and the militia "will draw closer together," the moral—to say nothing of the physical—debauch at the Hotel Vendome, on January 23, is a double-armed sign-post, that tells where the seemingly divergent roads of the Gompers-Mitchell brigade and the capitalist militia brigade meet.

[N. B.—The neatly gotten up booklet of the Hotel Vendome affair, containing the song, the price-lists of the wines, the gorgeous menu and the list of strikes "settled" by the regiment, all fittingly put together, is in this office for inspection.]

FROM FAR JAPAN.

Japan's welfare is threatened, or, which amounts to the same, its Government thinks it is threatened by Russia. Without export markets, Japan would suffer. Russia's conduct in Manchuria, Corea and the Far East generally is considered by the Japanese Government as worse than a menace. In view of this, preparations for war are going on. There are many things needed for war. But all these many rank themselves under two main heads—men and money. Without men no armies can be set in the field, or fleets afloat; without money, as society is now arranged, no men can be kept in the field or afloat, equipped within and without so as to be able to perform their task. Under these circumstances, what is the course of the Japanese Government?

On the head of "men," the despatches tell us that all the measures have been taken for a draft of men the minute war is certain. On the head of "money," do these despatches keep the symmetry with those on the head of "men"? As to the "men," we see they are to be DRAFTED, will they nill they; is "money" also to be drafted? No, Sir! The despatches tell us that Premier Katsura and the other members of the Japanese Cabinet were to entertain at dinner on January 28 a number of prominent bankers of the empire, looking to the raising of loans!

Japan is under the capitalist system of production. As such her people are divided, just the same as with us, into capitalists and workingmen.

The workingman's share of the wealth produced, depends upon his exchange value in the labor-market, just as any other article of merchandise. He gets that, and nothing more, rather less. Improved markets in Manchuria and Corea are in the nature of improved machinery—a stimulous to the production of more wealth. But seeing the share of the wealth that the workingman produces depends, not on the quantity of wealth which he produces but upon his market value, it follows that increased volumes of wealth, brought about either through improved machinery or through improved markets, will raise his share by not one copper, or fraction of a copper. In other words, the danger that "threatens Japan" threatens only her capitalist class, and the advantage that could be derived from enlarged markets in Manchuria and Corea will flow, not into the pockets of the Japanese workingmen, but into the pockets of the Japanese capitalists. To put the matter more plastically, the advantages that are looked for from the war are to accrue, not to the class that is DRAFTED to fight and lose its life, but to the class that is WINED AND DINED so as to induce it to place its usurious claws upon the land as a mortgagee!

It often happens that what happens at a distance is seen through more easily and clearly than what happens nearby. The American working class should take a good peep at these happenings just reported from far Japan.

AND NOW COMES FATHER STANG.

Last month Father Stang delivered a Sunday evening lecture at the Cathedral of the Providence, R. I., Apostolate on the nominal subject of "Various Schemes for the Removal of Evil." The real subject on the Father's mind was Socialism, and against Socialism the Father hurled his thunder-bolts. Not frequently does it happen that so many are the thunderbolts hurled in one speech by the Fathers at the triumphant march of Socialism as in this one lecture of Father Stang, or that, as in this case, the bolts can be so easily turned upon the hurler to triturate him with. Reserving for later occasions the other "bolts," we shall here take up one that may serve as introductory to the handling of the others.

Quoting from a quotation-marked report of Father Stang's lecture, we find the following two passages:

"Socialism has gained a strong hold in America through our rational system of education, which completely ignores the claims of the Christian religion."

May or may not be. All the same, in order to understand an opponent's argument, his premises must be granted—for the sake of the argument. Let it, then, be as Father Stang premises, and that, as he declares, the American system of public instruction, which—Church and State being here separate by the organic law of the land—refuses to give creed instruction at public expense, that is, in the public schools, is the cause of the great increment taken by Socialism in the land. Granted,—for the sake of the argument. It would then follow that in countries where creed instruction is made obligatory upon the public or governmental schools, Socialism must lack its "cause" and must be found, if not totally absent, then at least a lame cripple. In view of this, what is one to make of this other and following passage in Father Stang's lecture? He says:

"Germany is flooded by Socialism."

What is one to make of it? The "ones" here divide into two sets. The thinking folks of one set, but who are uninformed, must conclude that Germany has the same public school system as America, giving no creed instruction at public expense,—because how else could it be flooded with Socialism? The other set, being informed, and knowing that Germany is guiltless of the heinous offence charged to America by Father Stang, knowing that the German public schools do have creed instruction, and emphatically so, administered—this second set must conclude that Father Stang is either so woefully uninformed, or so incapable of coherent reasoning, that he is unfit for a teacher of the people.—And right they would be.

That intellectual, moral and physical mass-uprising of these times, known as Socialism, needs thinking minds, rational minds to handle, whether as friend or as foe. The incoherency of thought that can raise a foe is a homage to the might, withal an earnest of the unquestion, pending triumph of Socialism.

As such a homage, the Socialist Labor Party delights in Father Stang's lecture; as such an earnest the S. L. P. welcomes the Father.

"SENSATIONAL ALLEGATIONS."

The following is a despatch from Boston that appeared in most of the papess:

> The hearing before the Joint Committee on Judiciary at the State House this morning, on a bill to provide for the release, on parole, of prisoners who have served their country in the civil war, brought out sensational allegations involving two telephone companies.
>
> This bill, if passed, would result in the release of Henry K. Goodwin, now in Charlestown State Prison, who was convicted of the murder of Albert D. Swan of Lawrence in 1885. In this process of the hearing Senator Callender of Boston astonished the committee and the spectators by asking Lawyer Rowley, who represented Goodwin: "Haven't the electrical companies in this State opposed Goodwin's pardon?" Mr. Rowley replied:
>
> "In my opinion the electrical corporations have done everything in their power to prevent the pardon of Goodwin. And there is in existence correspondence which will show it."
>
> "Didn't Goodwin invent a switchboard which is substantially the one now in use by the Bell Telephone and New England Telephone Companies?" demanded Senator Callender, and Mr. Rowley answered:
>
> "I understand that to be the case."
>
> Senator Callender then continued: "And wasn't that the real reason for the opposition to this pardon, rather than that a Justice of the Superior Court was in fear of his life? We all know that there are many brainy men in State prison, and I have heard of such things as inventors in prison because their inventions had been absorbed by capitalists who do not dare to let them out. If any such injustice is being done in Massachusetts it is time it was rooted out—and by the Legislature."

To the informed it is no news that inventors are robbed of the product of their genius by the capitalist class. The uniqueness and truly sensational feature of the facts herein disclosed is that, under the pretext of upholding "Law and Order," "Individual Freedom," probably also the "Purity of the Home," the "Sanctity of the Family," and what all the other beatitudes of capitalist society may be, inventors are being deprived of their freedom so as to leave unscathed the corporation that is fattening on the plunder it has committed against the men.

And yet, or just because of that, we find the trinity of professors, politicians and pulpiteers extending the benedictions of their several shops to the capitalist class and its foul system!

If you receive a sample copy of this paper it is an invitation to subscribe. Subscription price: 50 cents per year; 25 cents for six months. Address Weekly People, 2-6 New Reade street, New York City.

BUSINESS FAILURES.

"Bradstreet's," in a review on the causes of business failures makes the claim that there are more traders but fewer failures in business.

On this head "Bradstreet's" argues as follows:

> "The statistics of the proportion of those failing in business owing creditors money in 1903 should give pause to those who, reasoning from the widespread movement toward consolidation of industries during the past years of prosperity, have evolved the theory that the small trader was likely to have an even harder fight to exist than earlier compiled statistics show. It is true that 90 per cent. of all those failing to pay their debts had only a small capital and only a moderate or no credit rating, but it should not be lost sight of that the number in business is constantly being augmented, and that despite this fact there were fewer failures in 1903 than in either of the three preceding years. It is found that of the 1,272,999 individuals, firms or corporations in business in the United States in 1903, only 9.775, or seventy-six one-hundredths of 1 per cent. failed, as against eighty-one one-hundredths in 1901. The number in business actually increased by 33,936, or 2.8 per cent., as against a gain of 37,000, or 3 per cent. in 1902, but despite this there was an actual decrease in the number of failures of 2 per cent."

This argument has one flaw that destroys it. Increase of "individuals, firms or corporations" does not mean an increase of individual small owners. Today we have not only concentration in industry, but we have also what some economists are pleased to call integration; that is, a system of financing industries by which they become mutually interdependent, controlled and owned. By this method a small number of men become the practical owners of a large number of firms and corporations nominally independent, but really closely interwoven, so much so, as to be practically one.

The steel trust, for instance, is said to comprise 46 per cent. of the capital invested in the steel and iron industry. Yet, through its control of interests in other corporations, it dominates almost 34 per cent. more of that capital, or a total of about 80 per cent. Its principal owners, Rockefeller, Frick, and others, are also owners of coke, railroad, steamship, banking, and other firms and corporations.

Take still another instance: that of the Tobacco Trust. Nominally, the retail stores in which it is interested, involved the creation of new corporations, but actually they were only the expansion of an old corporation. So, too, with the Dry Goods Trust. Its department store corporations are simply so many new outlets for old interests. So, too, with the subway capitalists, and their construction, operating, and other companies galore. They are spokes radiating from and returning to the hub of concentration and kept in place by the rim of identical interests.

The small traders' day has gone beyond recall. Concentration prevails!

A BRYAN SLOGAN.

Mr. Bryan may be able to control the Democratic national convention. He may also fail to. And if he fail, he may bolt, or he may not. All the same, whichever way things may go as to that, it is quite sure that the Bryan slogans will figure conspicuously in this coming presidential campaign. Indeed, Mr. Bryan has already started in to grind out these. One of these slogans, the most loudly announced is that against the "money-changers." Mr. Bryan asks, Shall the money-changers rule the United States? The words have a biblical ring. They are meant to. Indeed, Mr. Bryan does not leave the people to conjecture. He explains how the money-changers were treated on a certain occasion by Jesus. Experience teaches that when Mr. Bryan makes a historic allusion, it is not always safe to accept it as correct. Inquiry shows this instance to be no exception. Inquiry into the Bible does, however, in this instance do more, a deal more than merely rectify Mr. Bryan.

The gospel, according to St. John, Chapter II., verses 14-16, tell the story this wise:

> "And [Jesus] found in the temple those that sold oxen and sheep and doves, and the changers of money sitting:
>
> "And when he had made a scourge of small cords, he drove them all out of the temple, and the sheep, and the oxen; and poured out the changers' money, and overthew the tables;
>
> "And said unto them that sold doves, Take these things hence; make not my Father's house a house of merchandise."

Obviously, Mr. Bryan has been misquoting. We say obviously because Mr. Bryan, the apostle of the farmer—of the oxen and sheep and doves selling element—seems to have no objection to the United States being ruled by one set of the sets that Jesus whipped out of the temple.

Whatever may be said of the money-changer, he is no worse than any other private trafficker—at least none can make him out worse on the authority of Jesus, who, if anything, appears from the above to have swung his scourge of small cords harder on the backs of the sellers of the oxen and sheep and doves than on the backs of the money-changers. At any rate, while the warning, Make not my Father's house a house of merchandise, may legitimately be construed as applying to the money-changers as well, it happened to be addressed to the sellers of doves—and they, and through them, the whole pack of private traffickers are certainly included, nor can they get off!

Mr. Bryan, accordingly, is as shaky on his Bible as on his economics, and he interprets Bible morality as selfishly true to his selfish class and falsely in reason as he did eight years ago the science of finance. If the biblical passage means anything it scourges traffic for PROFIT, and it justly places on a par him who changes money and him who draws unearned increment by the sale of any other merchandise.

This earth, the Father's temple, is and will continue to be ruled, that is desecrated, by the class that Jesus scourged, until the capitalist system—whether of the Bryan-daddies, or the Hanna variety.—is overthrown by the Socialist System, that is, the only system where, production being conducted for use, and not for sale and cheating, merchandise will cease to be.

In that direction the Socialists of the land will cast their votes for President next November 8—and that will be dead against Mr. Bryan and all that he practically stands for.

* * *

From Pittsburg, Pa., comes the news that for the first time in 108 years there will be no window glass made in Pittsburg this season. This has not happened since the first factory was built on the Southside in 1796.

The fires were pulled from under the tanks at Cunningham & Co.'s plant and the company closed after the men had refused to accept a reduction from the Philadelphia scale. They were given two chances to accept, but the vote at both meetings was unfavorable.

Every day labor is denounced for "coercing" capital, by enforcing "exorbitant demands" by striking. But there are no protests when the capitalists close down factories to enforce their merciless conditions. The prospect of starvation that is given the workers by their actions, is not coercion, it is simply an exercise of the right of the capitalist to conduct his business as he sees fit.

The newly organized Builders' Association of Detroit, has adopted the following rules:

There shall be no limit of work a man may do in a working day; no restriction of the use of machinery or tools or of any manufactured material except prison-made; no person to interfere with workmen during working hours; use of apprentices shall not be prohibited; foreman shall be the agent of the employer; all workmen to be at liberty to work for whomsoever they see fit; all employers to be at liberty to discharge and employ whomsoever they see fit.

These builders are an ignorant bunch, to be sure! It would have been much easier, and just as effective, to have written "There shall be no conflicting interests between capital and labor. They, like the lion and the lamb, shall be one, with labor on the inside."

The indications pointing to a large bituminous coal strike continue to increase. According to a despatch from Indianapolis, the failure of the Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Western Pennsylvania operators to agree on a scale has caused manufacturers, dealers and railroads to lay in supplies to carry them through the strike. The miners, on the other hand, charge the operators with bringing about a disagreement in order to boost prices. As it was a "boost" in prices that made the anthracite strike so profitable to both soft and hard coal operators, this fact may be also included with those pointing to a strike. This "boost" will make it all the more easy for the operators to force the miners into agreeing to the general wage reduction against which the miners are striving to be the exception.

The announcement that "Employers of more than thirty thousand men met yesterday for the purpose of continuing the harmonious relations with the various skilled trades" makes it evident that the building trades indulge in subtle satire occasionally.

A report from Chicago states that a deal is on foot to consolidate the fruit and vegetable cannery interests of Northern Utah. There are said to be fifteen canneries in Utah. Another report from Pittsburg states that nine independent plate glass manufacturers have consolidated. The man who declares that consolidation will not endure, may now be expected to take the floor again.

A HOARY-HEADED DELUSION.

What purports to be a resume of the tactical position on Trades Unionism, taken by the so-called Socialist, alias Social Democratic party, in contrast with the policy of the Socialist Labor Party, appears in the January 24 issue of the "Seattle Socialist." The gist of the argument and presentation is that by going along with the A. F. of L. Unions, the Socialist finds there "the best educational field" in that, again quoting literally, "these great Unions cover the country from one end to the other," including at least two million wage workers, whereas, by not joining these pure and simple Unions, the Socialist workingman can not reach the workingmen.

The only premises that this argument can possibly proceed from is that, if not absolutely all, at least a majority, a large majority, at that, of the workingmen are in the pure and simple Unions, so that by refusing to join their organization, one is on the outside of the working class; and

These premises and all the sub-premises that they imply are without foundation in fact.

For the industrial and mechanical trades alone the Census gives 5,314,539 wage earners. So as to avoid possible objections, the large number of wage earners, not included under the head of "industrial and mechanical," will be here left out of consideration. It shall be assumed—and the assumption is in favor of the "Seattle Socialist"—that we have to deal only with 5,314,539 wage earners. The "Seattle Socialist," taking the most swollen figures, does not credit the Gompers' Unions with more than about 2,000,000 members. There remain 3,000,000, or a robust majority of wage earners who are not and do not want to join these Unions.

The opinion is old that wage earners can not be found outside of Unions. It has been often asserted, and it recurs ever and again as an argument to "join the pure and simple Union." The above figures knock down the underpinning of the "opinion" and "argument."

Nor should the Census be needed to do the knocking down with. It is obvious that if the pure and simple Unions did indeed "cover" the land, there could be no issue on whether to join them or not. The workingman who means to live, and who, under the capitalist system, can not live without he submits to be plucked by the capitalist, would correctly argue that if, in order to reach the living point where he is plucked by the capitalist, he must first pay toll or blackmail to a labor fakir, he has no choice but to do so, and he would incontenently join. That an overwhelming majority of them do not join is proof enough of the falsity that these Unions "cover" the land. In some trades and in some localities they do, but they decidedly do not in all trades, or in all localities.

Now, then, in view of these facts, what is the "Seattle Socialist's" argument hoary-headed of? A delusion? Hardly! When it is considered that the "Seattle Socialist's" New York congeners of the Volkszeitung receive as hushmoney the advertisement of the Cigarmaker's label in this city altho', every man on that paper, several of whom are cigarmakers themselves, have again and again said in conversation that the said label in this city is a swindle for which the workingmen are bled by the fakirs; when it is considered that the "Seattle Socialist's" "Cleveland Citizen" congener, Max Hayes, voted in New Orleans for Gompers, after Gompers had traduced Socialism, and then (in exchange?) got a junketing commission to England, and continued, justly so, to be admired by the "Seattle Socialist"; when it is considered that the "Seattle Socialist," in the very article under criticism, boasts of "10 per cent. of the very officers, delegates to the Boston convention" having "voted for the Socialist resolution," and suppresses the fact that about 50 per cent. of that "10 per cent." thereupon illustrated what they mean under the "Seattle Socialist's" plan of exclusive "boring from within" by voting for Gompers, who at that convention had out-Gompersed himself in his advocacy of capitalist intellectual poison;—when these few, not to mention thousands of other kindred facts, are taken into consideration, then the answer is found to the question. The "Seattle Socialist's" argument or resume is, not a hoary-headed delusion, but a hoary-headed cheat. It is a policy that from the start brands its pursuer a cheat in the eyes of the intelligent, and that in the end brands him a hypocrite in the eyes of the innocent and at first misinformed anti-Socialist pure and simple rank and file—which is just what's happening.

And that's the difference between the S. L. P. and the S. P. Trades Union policy.

* * *

The secretary of the Butchers' Union announces that wages have been increased $13,000,000 a year, by his organization. He makes no announcement, however, of how much labor has been intensified as a result. This might make the increased wages look meagre in comparison.

The announcement of wage increase by the Butchers' Union secretary, recalls the increased death rate among butchers. The census shows the increase to have been from 14.0 per cent. in 1890 to 16.1 per cent. in 1900. The capitalist tendency is to intensify labor when increasing wages. A still greater death rate may, consequently, be looked for.

UNCLE SAM AND BROTHER JONATHAN.

Brother Jonathan.—If only the employers were less greedy, how beautiful they could get along with their workmen.

Uncle Sam.—And you think a little less greed would solve the Labor Question?

B. J.—That's it, exactly.

U. S.—There is John Jones who only has $10,000 in his factory; do you think he can produce as cheaply as Richard Roe who works with $50,000 capital?

B. J.—N-n-o.

U. S.—Each piece of goods that John Jones produces costs him fully twice as much as each piece of goods that Richard Roe produces. Can John Jones compete with Richard Roe?

B. J.—Hardly.

U. S.—What is left for him to do but to reduce the cost of his production?

B. J.—Nothing.

U. S.—Won't he be driven to lower the wages of his employes.

B. J.—Hem!

U. S.—If he don't would he carry on business?

B. J.—No.

U. S.—If he does——

B. J.—He is safe.

U. S.—Nixy. He is busted all the same, although his lease of life may be a little longer.

B. J.—But if he is busted anyhow what help is there?

U. S.—The help there is for him is that he kick out the labor fakir whom he keeps salaried in the union. That is so much money saved, to begin with.

Secondly, that he realize that he is doomed unless the Socialist Labor Party wins. Because then competition will be abolished.

Third, that he aid his employees to realize their class interests and that, proceeding upon those class interests, they must conquer the public powers, and thereby overthrow the capitalist system.

Finally, join his workers and shoulder to shoulder with them march under the banner of the S. L. P. The overthrow of the capitalist system would free him from the mill-stone of small property that now, tied to his neck, is drowning him, and he would become part-owner in and the enjoyer of the wealth produced in the Co-operative Commonwealth.

Thus, you will see, the "greed" question is no question.

* * *

Georgia Schneider, ill, and living alone in a furnished room, secured employment in a tailoring shop, and, during her first day there robbed one of her fellow workers of money wherewith to purchase bread. She was arraigned in the Yorkville Police Court, and her case was given to a probation officer for investigation. The result so moved the latter that she gave expression to the following opinion:

"This is only one of many cases I have seen of girls and women who work, work, work for $3, $4, $5 a week. Only heroines could endure the privations that many working girls suffer in this city and resist the temptations that are thrust at them."

These facts are typical of the conditions in capitalism which promote the degradation of woman. The capitalists who profit by these conditions are generally to be found among those who profess to see in Socialism a danger to feminine virtue and honor. What they actually see is the end of the demoralizing conditions to which capitalism subjects woman, to the profit of the capitalist.

A punster writes to learn if Littauer's contact with the skins used in glove-making made a "skin" of him? There is no doubt a man's environment moulds his character; but the result mentioned by the punster is not due to the cause given by him. As a capitalist employer Littauer's contact with glove skins was indirect, that is, through the agency of the employees whom he exploited. The skins that influenced Littauerian conduct are the capitalist "skins" that are so conspicuous in the Littauerian environment.

Science is progressing. It is rumored that several well-known engineers are devising means by which the hot air to be liberated during the coming presidential campaign, may be used to inflate the air-ships at the St. Louis Exposition. Detailed descriptions of the plans will be published later.

The man who testified that Mrs. Helen Post, the mental science healer, caused hair to grow on his bald head, is a genius whom the promoters of watered trusts need in their business to write their prospectuses. Such a convincing way of demonstrating the wonders to be achieved by unactualized thought, cannot fail to interest investors in corporations whose assets are composed of the same intangible thing.

CORRESPONDENCE

[CORRESPONDENTS WHO PREFER TO APPEAR IN PRINT UNDER AN ASSUMED NAME WILL ATTACH SUCH NAME TO THEIR COMMUNICATIONS, BESIDE THEIR OWN SIGNATURE AND ADDRESS. NONE OTHER WILL BE RECOGNIZED.]

SUPERFLUOUS LIGHT.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—In The People's review of The Dresden Congress the name of Lucien Sanial brings back again to my mind an incident that occurred in the labor movement, of which but few know the part that "logical centrist" played.

It was during the campaign of the Progressive Labor Party, in 1877, that word went through the districts that money was to be had at headquarters, and I, as treasurer of the 24th and 25th Assembly District (at that time), was delegated to receive our share of the "wherewith."

On arriving at headquarters, Coburger Hall, Rivington street, I was asked by Lucien Sanial as to how much we wanted. I informed him that my instructions were to get all that I could, whereupon he handed me fifty dollars—AND A BUNDLE OF REPUBLICAN BALLOTS.

William Druehl.

Garwood, N. J., Jan. 26.

ENEMIES OF LABOR PRAISE "LABOR LEADERS."

To the Daily and Weekly People:—If ever there was evidence that the so-called "leaders" of the pure and simple trades unions are but the hirelings of the capitalists, the enclosed clipping from "The Milwaukee Sentinel" will produce the facts.

When we consider who the owners of "The Milwaukee Sentinel" are, and what part they have taken in the past in labor disputes between themselves and pure and simple trades unions, the praise of these (mis) leaders given by them becomes all the more stenchful to the nostrils of a class-conscious workingman. One of the largest shareholders in the Sentinel company is Charles Pfister, part owner of The Milwaukee Electric Railway and Light Company, and the Pfister & Vogel Leather Company, of this city, and a director of the First National Bank, also of Milwaukee. The present Postmaster General, Henry C. Payne, is also a stockholder in The Sentinel Company. Payne was, at one time, the leading spirit in the Milwaukee Electric Railway and Light Company, as well as a stockholder in other large enterprises of the same character.

When the tanners were on strike back in 1899, and demanded shorter hours, Mr. Pfister was one of the employers who fought the men most bitterly. This strike lasted nine months, and when the men had been starved into submission, they were taken back when there was room for them.

Last spring they went on strike again, and —— lost; the same Mr. Pfister importing men from Chicago, and housing them in his tannery, paying them more than what the strikers were asking for, and giving them cases of beer to be drunk at lunch. This was intended to get the strikers envious of the scabs' position. This "kind" treatment only lasted as long as the strikers showed a disposition to stay away from the tannery. When, after five weeks, they (the strikers) began coming back and asking for their jobs, the Chicago fraternity was given the same treatment as the Milwaukee strikers, who were taken back.

In 1896, the street car employees went on strike for more wages, and the citizens of Milwaukee supported them loyally, i.e., by walking for nearly six weeks, and every one wore a card in his hat, which read as follows: "Down with Payne & Pfister." The treacherous conduct of some of the leaders of the union lost the strike.

And now these same men who fought the wage-workers of this city commence to praise those same "agitators" who were then telling the men to "stick together" as "fair minded men." This is quite a tumble from what they said then. Here is the editorial in full. Let the members of the S. L. P. and the readers of The People reason for themselves, and see if we are not right in demanding the overthrow of the labor fakir.

Oshkosh, Wis., Jan. 27. F. R. W.

(Enclosure.)

THE MIDDLE GROUND.

President D. M. Parry of the National Manufacturers' association, thinks public opinion is crystallizing against trades unionism as an institution. Mr. Parry undoubtedly means to do all he can to further such process; but his intemperate harangues are certainly not calculated to do so. Like all extremists, Mr. Parry hurts his cause by talking too loud and claiming too much. His case is all white and his opponents' case all black. He is as violent and dogmatic in his way as his opposite, Mr. Debs, is in his. With Debs the capitalist as such is a tyrant and a bloodsucker; with Parry the labor union is bad through and through. If the settlement of questions were left to such hot-heads there would be no peace in the country—no resort to the civilized methods by which reasonable people settle their disputes.

Fortunately, between the Parry and Debs types stands the saving majority of moderate and reasonable men who are able to see that a question has two sides, and that one side is never all right and the other all wrong. Such men are not favorably impressed or won over by the sweeping denunciations of Mr. Parry or the rant of Mr. Debs. When rational, fair minded men like Senator Hanna, or John Mitchell, or Mr. Gompers talk on the labor question the general public listens, hoping to get at the right of the matter, which always lies somewhere between the extremes of opinion. Mr. Parry's one sided and intemperate talk is more likely to breed doubt and disgust than conviction. If Mr. Parry were a labor agitator he would be one of the violent and dangerous type. The American public has no use for the man who preaches class war—be he employer of labor or labor demagogue.

UNIONIZING NON-UNIONISM.

To the Daily and Weekly People:—The enclosed "agreements between the builders and the union carpenters" of Erie, Pa., permits non-unionism.

Needless to say, the pure and simple unions, with the aid of "the leading lights" of the "Socialist (?) Party" are "nobly waging the class struggle" for the capitalist class here, as elsewhere.

After numberless vain attempts to enslave the unthinking working class, by unionizing some of the various firms engaged in the building trades, and as the local fakir had been very successful in his failure Mr. McFarland, of Buffalo, of the Brotherhood of Carpenters, appeared upon the scene and succeeded in making the enclosed agreement.

In speaking of the above named person, one of the bosses described him as "a perfect gentleman," and stated plainly that "he was instrumental in bringing about the agreement."

Need we remind our fellow workingmen that we should keep a careful watch upon those of whom the capitalist class speak well?

Perhaps the British government spoke well of Benedict Arnold. One thing we do know, Ethan Allen had a price set upon his head, and he never proved to be a traitor.

But, to return to the agreement, there was a clause in the agreement that 25 cents per hour should be the minimum wage; but then Article 3 sets that aside; and, while the majority of the carpenters think they have "won a victory," some few are aware of the fact that they have been buncoed.

Again the contention of the S. L. P. has been proven, viz, that the pure and simple union is no benefit to the working class, nor can it be as long as it seeks "safe relations" with the capitalist class.

If the working men of Erie and elsewhere were organized in the S. T. and L. A., agreements like the enclosed would never be agreed to, for the simple reason that it is aware of the class struggle, and will not betray our class to "the tender mercies" of the enemy, as is made manifest in Article 7.

This arbitration clause is where the employers — Master Builders — have gained the victory, as the fakirs have taken the power to strike out of the hands of the workingmen, and thus we are assured of "peace in the community;" but as conflict is the price of progress—we look to the future with interest.

"Press Committee."

Erie, Pa., Jan. 27, 1904.

(Enclosure.)

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT made and entered into this 11th day of January 1904 by and between the Master Builders' association, party of the first part, and local union No. 400 of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, party of the second part, all of the city of Erie, in the county of Erie, state of Pennsylvania.

Third—The wages of the parties of the second part who may be incapacitated through old age or any other cause shall be as much as mutually agreed upon between the employer and employee, subject to the approval of the conference committee.

Fourth—And the party of the second part do also agree that as a body they will not demand any advance in wages until the expiration of this agreement.

Seventh—It is further agreed that should any difference arise between the employer and employee, no strike or lock-out shall be declared but all differences shall be submitted to the joint arbitration board consisting of the executive committee of the party of the first part and the executive committee of the party of the second part as above mentioned, and umpire whose decision shall be final and binding upon both parties hereto and shall be rendered within 48 hours from the submission of such grievance. The umpire shall be agreed upon by the chairmen of the above named committees, parties hereto. The umpire shall meet with the said arbitration board as above named, and if they shall fail of an agreement, he shall make the final decision within the above specified time and should there be no decision reached in the settlement of any grievance or the selection of an umpire within the above specified time, then the parties aggrieved shall have full power to act.

Eighth—Nothing in this agreement shall be construed to prohibit parties of the first part from employing workmen who are not affiliated with parties of the second part.

In witness whereof we hereunto affix our signatures the day and year first above written.

Signed by

F. P. SCHAPER,
President.
B. W. SCHAPER,
Secretary.
Master Builders' Association.
H. T. M'MANUS,
President.
M. M. RANDALL,
Secretary.
Carpenters' Union.

The Development of Capitalism

England is the classic ground on which to study the manufacturing period, because there it went through its full status of development without interference. In England, we can, therefore, find our two class types in the most favorable condition.

First, then, let us view our rising capitalist. It is no longer our burgher, who presides at the head of his table, where all his men partake of his prosperity, who goes with his whole household to the Common on Sundays and holidays, who delights in the games and sports of the young folks and laughs at the rude jokes. It is no longer the rebellious spirit who detests all government and rule, who even questions the justice of the exactions of the priests, or the red tape of the Protestant church. It is no longer the hard-working, sound-sleeping, temperate, thrifty tradesman. Oh, no; he is nothing of all this—he is now a capitalist. He lives in the "better" quarter of the town, in a house distinguished from the rest by its large size, better material, superior cleanliness, and an air of greatness in general. Only himself, his family and his class are now seen at his table. The representatives of the working class who are left in his house are now his servants—they wait on him and his. He can pay for his pleasures, so he goes no longer to the Common among the "common." He has a seat in Parliament, so he makes and "respects" the law of the land and wants the lower classes to respect it too. He has his own front pew in the church, so he is a pillar of religion; but as he has become the principal tax-payer he does not object to "free religion," for it carries with it the convenience that the worshipers foot their own expenses and saves those of the state. He drinks his wine behind closed doors and drawn curtains in his own class society, while to the masses he preaches abstinence, because it saves the wage worker expense and makes him a steadier and cheaper workman. Further, our capitalist does not get rich by the penny saved, but by the wealth invested in profitable enterprise; so he speculates and passes sleepless nights hatching out ever new schemes. Fortunes grow rapidly and the "rise in the world" may embrace only a few years; so, at this age, we come across another of the myths of political economy, namely the "self-made-man." In short, and to sum up, our type is now a veritable Joshua Bounderby, an overbearing, ignorant, blustering, hypocritical fellow, who loves to parade his virtues, and succeeds in exposing his stupidity.

Any one who has lived at any time in a partly developed country, where this type is yet common, can easily pick him out from among the living, moving persona.

But let us now turn to our workman, our growing apprentice, our independent journeyman, who looked every man in the face, confident that the future belonged to him, and that some day he would be the head of a household, the master of a shop. What has become of him? We may search and search, only to finally acknowledge that he is nowhere to be found. Sad plight! but we are forced to say that he has lost his individuality, he has disappeared in the mass. He is no longer Tom, Joe, Mike or Jim, his name even is a collective one, he is one of "the Hands!" They are all "hands," huundreds and thousands of them all alike, numbered and not named. Nothing is more heatrending than the history of the English proletariat at this stage of capitalist development. It cannot be properly told, it must be read to be appreciated. It can probably be read to the best advantage in Frederick Engel's "Condition of the Working Class in England Previous to 1844" or in Karl Mrax's "Capital," or in Thorold Roger's "Six Centuries of Work and Wages;" but it can also be read in contemporary histories, in parliamentary, and other annals of the time, and it can in all probability be read to this day, in the faces of the descendants of these miserable workers.

Dirt, squalor and unsanitary conditions in general distinguished their dwellings. The wages were at ,or even below, the starvation point. The food was the poorest and cheapest and was as "scientifically" adulterated as the advancement of chemical science at the time could allow. The work was fearfully hard and trying, and the hours of labor had practically no other limit than the fact that twenty-four hours compose the physical day. Diseases of nearly every kind were fairly epidemic, and the death rate was enormous. When the manufacturing period was fully developed, and the work much simplified, women and child labor became the means our Bounderby took to increase his profits. They worked for less wages than men; therefore, he could get more profit from their tender hide. It is beyond a doubt that, possibly with the exception of Southern United States at the present time, the blackest and most criminal pages in the history of Child Labor are those of the close of the period of manufacturing and the beginning of the period of machine production, before the machine was simplified to do various things which children formerly did. Ignorance among these little ones was so fearfully dense, that, were it not recorded in the official documents of the day, we could never be made to fathom the fact that these were human beings, whom the religion they were taught—when, indeed, they were taught anything—declared to be created in the image of Him who is the symbol of everything that is good, grand, noble and wise.

It took large masses of wage workers to supply the increasing demands of first impulse of manufacture on a large scale. The population of the towns of that day were limited, and large masses of the population were as yet able, and might have been so for a long time, to eke out an existence on the little plot of ground with the breaking up of the feudal system but left them. This interfered with capitalist development. In consequence, the parliamentary history of the 17th and 18th century of England records the most vile national crimes and wholesale thefts ever committed. By parliamentary statutes the small holders were forcibly evicted from the land, which was gradually turned into sheep-pastures to fill the growing demand for the raw material, wool. Hundreds of families were turned out of house and home. New statutes then made vagrancy a heavily punishable crime. The homeless and penniless people had then no choice, but to flock to the cities to sell their labor-power in the newly-created labor-market. The labor-market being thus artificially filled, wages dropped to a minimum and, therefore, in order to sustain life, the whole family had to turn wage slaves. After a while the market became glutted and then able-bodied men had to turn corner-loafers, baby-tenders, house-keepers and all the other unnatural and stupid enormities of capitalism. These manifested themselves in all their vigor and brutality during these very youthful days of capitalism. The history of the English crisis of 1837, has, perhaps, not found its counterpart in horrors even in the fearful one of the United States of 1893.

It was a dark and downward period for the working class. Downtrodden, overworked, underpaid, starved, maltreated, and abused, having entered into the capitalistic workshop, subjected to all the inherent ignorance, stupidity, superstition and servility of their ancestors—the serf of feudal days—their future looked gloomy, their faith unpenetrable. There is scarcely a ray of light perceivable on their horizon.

But, somewhere, though almost in obscurity, progress is still at work. In 1824, the first and very important victory was gained by the working class when it was granted the Right to Organize. From that time dates the real progressive history of the historic movements of the working class.—By Mrs. Olive M. Johnson.

(To be continued next week.)

THE LIFE OF THE LABORER.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—The producer of all wealth, being expropriated at every step, has but one precious thing left—his life; but how often is even this gift of nature taken from him? Almost every day we hear of cases where members of the working class are maimed or killed in the most heartrending manner.

Under feudalism, the life of the worker used to be taken in a manly fashion, quickly and surely. Capitalism kills like the tiger, tantalizing and torturing before delivering the final blow.

With trembling hands, I am recording for our People the following catastrophe which just occurred in Maywood, near Hackensack, N. J.

John Clark, about 35 years of age, who was employed in the factory of the Standard Essence Co., met a violent death during the forenoon to-day.

Time in modern society is money, and money, of course, is to the profit hunters more sacred than human life. Hence, when that unfortunate wage-slave was ordered by his superiors to put a belt on a pulley, they considered it a waste of time to stop or at least to slow down the machinery in motion. Clark felt it his duty to show his loyalty and blind obedience to the authorities of the company. Reaching up from a plank, elevated from the flor, he made efforts to put the belt on the revolving and whirling pulley, a large one about three feet in diameter. While endeavoring to do so his hand was caught between the eight-inch wide belt and the wheel. He was thrown ceilingward, and then his clothing became entangled in the shafting. The body went around with the shaft until the machinery was stopped, when it was taken down by fellow wage-slaves.

Clark's ears were full of blood and his face was also blood-stained. The body, from which most of the clothing had been torn, was crushed, but there was no disfigurement on the face of the dead man, the victim of capitalism.

A couple of hours after the sacrifice on the altar of Mammon took place, the coroner made his appearance to review the remains. Declaring the case as "an unavoidable accident," he arrived at the conclusion that "an inquest is unnecessary."

Indeed, why should an inquest be necessary? Is there not enough slaves in the market which can be obtained gratis? The time is past when a master had to lay out money before he could get possession of a slave, and then trouble himself about his welfare. The modern capitalist has no occasion for it. If one of his slaves drops dead, there is always a reserve army of unemployed looking for the opportunity to sell themselves for starvation wages.

This is the way the wage workers are exercising their constitutional rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Isaac Goldman.

Hackensack, N. J., Jan. 30, 1904.

LOOK OUT FOR THIS SWINDLER.

To the Daily and Weekly People:—On Jan. 18, one S. L. Razenhofer, M. D., left Braddock under, to say the least, very suspicious circumstances. He was a man of capitalist instincts who wormed himself into the confidence of a comrade, and then proceeded to cheat him by giving him a worthless check. Others were duped in a like manner; one, a man named Barlock and another a woman named Mrs. Walzinskie, for $105 and $125 respectively. He beat other persons in this locality, besides Comrade Cleever, and secured about $1,400 all told.

Razenhofer appears to have entered the S. L. P. in search of victims, and to use its good name to further his swindles for all it is worth. Cleever, who is an active member, and a hard, honest workingman, was cheated by this crook out of the savings of a life time. Every comrade and sympathizer should set to work and ferret him out, and bring him to justice, if possible. He is a Bohemian, of about 5 feet, 6 inches in height, dark complexion, sells bitters, and always adds M. D. to his name. He has a wife and one child, a girl, who are said to be in Boston, Mass.

Any person knowing the whereabouts of Razenhofer, will please communicate with August Cleever, 1120 Fabot street, Braddock, Pa. A. C.

Braddock, Pa., Feb. 1.

IS BROWN AFRAID OF BEING "DONE UP BROWN?"

To the Daily and Weekly People:—Brown, the great and only Brown, national organizer of the "Socialist," alias Social Democratic party, spoke here on the 25th inst. I had the honor to present him with a copy of "The Difference," as he entered the hall. His audience, consisting of about 200, also honored me by permitting me to present them with copies also.

Brown spoke about two hours. He mentioned Christian Socialism and Prohibition Socialism, but said nothing about genuine Socialism, that is, the Socialist Labor Party. Perhaps he thought he'd better not. He gave no chance for questions. What is the matter with Brown? Is he afraid of being "done up Brown"?

L. J.

Eureka, Humboldt Co., Cal., Jan. 27.

S. L. P. AGITATION IN VERMONT.

To the Daily and Weekly People:—An agitational meeting with Michael Berry as the speaker was held in Springfield, Vt., on Jan. 30. Several members of the now nearly defunct "local" of the bogus Socialist party, and many others, were present, and manifested much interest.

Comrades Kiely, Bloom and self hope to be able to organize a Section of the S. L. P. here in the near future, and, in view of this send for Weekly People for distribution among prospective members.

E. Claflin.

Perkinsville, Vt., Feb. 2.

PROMOTING THE PARTY PRESS.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—Please find endorsed a check for $10, for which please send me twenty prepaid postal cards. Personally, I expect to patronize these cards quite often now, as I have found what I was long looking for—a comrade who is willing to devote systematically the Sunday forenoons (and later in the season—the evenings) to canvassing and collecting for The People. It is Comrade Frank F. Young to whom I refer.

Yesterday was the second Sunday that we went out with him, as a "canvassing committee." We sold eight yearly prepaid cards. We found, as many other comrades did, that the way to get subscribers is to quit talking and praising others for getting lots of subs, and roll up our sleeves and hustle.

Two comrades working together for such a purpose will do the work more systematically, promptly, regularly and effectively. We have, as every section has, or can have, a list of names of people to work on, who were already more or less in touch with the movement—such as affiliated voters, farmer subscribers, all kinds of sympathizers, etc. It will take quite a while before these are all looked up, and then there is the unlimited field of entire strangers to the movement.

Nobody can complain of lack of field to work on, and "where there is a will, there is a way." Work on these or similar lines is a good deal safer than to talk or to rely on the immortality of the S. L. P., and to cross one's arms in the meanwhile. B. Reinstein.

Buffalo, N. Y., Feb. 1.

SPECIAL FUND.

(As per circular letter of Sept. 3, 1901.)

Previously acknowledged......	$8,047.44
Henry Piper, Geneva, O. (Loan Certificate)....	20.00
	$8,067.44

THANKSGIVING DAY CONCERT.

Total received from Max Heyman, Treasurer, to date, $583.66.

LETTER-BOX OFF-HAND ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

[NO QUESTIONS WILL BE CONSIDERED THAT COME IN ANONYMOUS LETTERS. ALL LETTERS MUST CARRY A BONA FIDE SIGNATURE AND ADDRESS.]

W. J., SALEM, MASS.—A 10 per cent. profit on a $1,000 investment is absolutely and relatively a smaller plunder of the product of labor than would be a 10 per cent. profit on a $1,000,000 investment. The reason is this: The factory that operates only $1,000 can obviously not produce absolutely as much as the factory that operates $1,000,000. But relatively also it produces less. The larger the capital operated the more relatively plentiful and cheap is production. As the share of labor is not affected by the volume of wealth produced, but by its price in the labor market, and the price is a declining figure, it follows that the plunder is relatively, besides absolutely, larger with a $1,000 investment. By "investment" is here meant, not stocks bought, but wealth directly turned into production by the capitalist.

M. P., DIVERNON, ILL.—Dr. L. Bama, 1 West 115th street; Dr. Julius Hammer, 1527 Washington avenue; Dr. Julius Frankel, 191 Second street., all of this city are S. L. P. men.

J. D. E., OMAHA, NEB.—Indeed such a pamphlet would be very valuable. But the S. L. P. cannot turn out more matter than its funds enables it to secure help for. In the meantime the recently issued pamphlet "Behind the Scenes" on the matter of passes embalms the alleged Socialist party man Coats in cold type over his own signature. Use that. Suppose you gather the material and put it in shape, and send it on.

D. O. J., TACOMA, WASH.—There is no truth in the statement that the S. L. P. owed Hickey money at the time he appropriated the funds that he was expelled for. Hickey embezzled the money at a time when, not even technically did the Party owe him a cent.

F. C., SEATTLE, WASH.—It is wrongful to demand "yes" or "no" to such a question. A "yes" or "no" answer in this instance can only be false. Refusing to be put into the "yes" or "no" strait-jacket, shall say: "Scab," "fakir," or any other term of opprobrium is libelous, if not true; and is not libelous if true. People are held responsible for what they say. If what they say is false they must stand the consequences.

T. W., CHICAGO, ILL.—No, dearest! The People does not object to have its arguments called "sophistry," or anything else that's bad. What it does object to is to have your precious Socialist (!) sheets suppress its argument and give only their conclusion about it. In that way no one who reads your sheets can judge as to which is right.

X. X., DENVER, COLO.—That Kangaroo N. E. C. set up on the night of July 10 was not only "a sight to behold," it was also "a sound to hear." Four of the seven could only murder the English language. They were Beranoff, Fahl, Wenzel and Backer. Only one could speak English straight—a young man by the name of Kirchner. The non-citizen was Beranoff.

J. R., SOUTHAMPTON, ENG.—(1) That very Dresden Congress review answers the question in the negative. No, the situation in England is materially different from the German. In Germany ,the capitalist class is "verjunkert" (squirifed, feudalized); in England, on the contrary, the vestiges of feudalism are "capitalized." (2) The class-conscious Socialists of England should not bother about the existing remnants of feudalism,—if they did, they would wear out their Socialist teeth, and gradually slide away from the Socialist angle of vision; nor yet should they wait for the bourgeois radical reform parties to abolish those feudal remnants,—if they did, they would be throwing up the sponge; "capitalized" as the British feudal remnants are, the British bourgeois radicals are not very anxious to abolish them, and may even, partly in their bourgeois shoddiness and partly in their bourgeois cravenness, try to keep them up. Did not Gladstone, the "great commoner" and still the idol of the radical bourgeois, fill his mouth full with the "glory of British royalty?" (3) The class-conscious Socialist in Great Britain should throw all his genius into a consistent and persistent education of the masses on both things and men, and thus raise the revolutionary calorific. Nothing so quickly chills the revolutionary heat as the slightest wabbling, the slightest inconsistency. (4) The "Manifesto on the Fiscal Controversy" is sound, it is even brilliantly sound, but there, again, what must the condition of that workingmen's mind be when, if he at all has any memory, he correctly couples such a straight utterance with so crooked an act as that of voting for the Millerand or Kautsky resolutions? The masses think with their nerves. They may not be able to formulate their sentiments into words, but they feel. This feeling tells them that the organization that can preach such a sound manifesto and yet will allow to go unrebuked such an act as that of their delegates to the Paris Convention in that resolution affair, and that can allow its organ to defend its action with the pusillaminous arguments that "Justice" did, such an organization is a wabbling affair. Net results, the masses' revolutionary ardor is chilled. Make no mistake—Enthusiasm, more Enthusiasm, still more Enthusiasm will be needed to accomplish Socialism, nor can Socialism be accomplished piece-meal; it is all or nothing. Now, then, Enthusiasm can stand on none but consistent ground.

J. S. K., NEW YORK.—Send in the disclosure on the precious Lissauer. But give time and place when it happened and when you got the information and from whom. And sign.

W. K., NEW YORK.—(1) A Trades Union, as it ought to be, is an organization of wage slaves by means of which they may the better resist the encroachments of the capitalist class, and by means of which, when the inevitable crash comes, they may be able to take production in hand and save a cataclysm, —save the country from starving. It follows, that a Trades Union must be a schooling place for the wage slaves on the interests of their class, hence it must be Socialist. It, furthermore, follows that a Trades Union may not by high dues and other measures, necessary for the comforts of the fakir leaders, hostilize the large majority of the working class,—all of which marks of the true Trades Union are absent in the Gompers-Mitchell so-called Unions, which, on the contrary, have just the contrary of these essential marks, and are, therefore, not "Labor" organizations but wheels in the mechanism of capitalism, just as the Russian and Japanese armies now glowering at each other, which, tho', of course, made up of workingmen, are manned by the oppressors of Labor and are part of the oppressing machine. (2) This being so, and capitalism being responsible for the suicides, it follows that the Gompers-Mitchell Unions bear their share of guilt. (3) Don't know.

J. H., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—A delicate matter. Consult and hire a lawyer. Take the stitch in time.

S. V., LOUISVILLE, KY.—Whether the "Volkszeitung" made any answer at the exposure of the brewery interests that helped it to beat Rochester?—Let's see. Oh, yes, it did! It struck a theatrical attitude; said "Yaw, yaw," and then went to the nearest saloon and got drunk on scab beer to conceal its emotions.

R. C., NEW HAVEN, CT.—Never take a clipping from a paper without marking on it its name and date.

B. E. L., CINCINNATI, O.—As to the particular point Parry makes that capitalists get only 4 per cent. on their investments, even that needs looking into. The very mail that brought your letter, brought, from Salem, Mass., a circular of the banking firm of Curtis & Sederquist, of this city, in which they say that in its effort to defeat Heinze, the Amalgamated Copper Company was obliged to enter politics in Montana and that its estimated expenses every year in politics range from $3,000,000 to $5,000,000, or from 2 to 3 per cent. These moneys the Amalgamated surely does and Parry would consider part of the "investment" on which the percentage of profit is computed. The capitalist's percentage of profit on his investment is probably, almost certainly larger than 4 per cent. on an average. But this other is certain, it is an economic feature that the percentage of profit rather sinks than rises, because of the ever larger capital needed in the competitive struggle. But while THAT percentage sinks, and for the same reason that it sinks, the percentage of the plunder on the product of Labor rises.

B. E., RED WING, MINN.—The article "Free Produce and Quakers" was overlooked. Will read and use, if suitable.

M. R., HOLYOKE, MASS.; D. B., NEW YORK; A. S. L., BRIDGEPORT, CT.; T. H., WILMINGTON, DEL.; F. McD., PROVIDENCE, R. I.; J. S. E, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.; DENVER COL.; J. F., ALBANY, N. Y.; N. D. L., BRADDOCK, PA.; M. M., DETROIT, MICH.; A. H., JENNY LIND, ARK.; LAWRENCE, MASS.; A. J. VANCOUVER, B. C.; C. Z., PEEKSKILL, N. Y.; M. T., SEATTLE, WASH.; W. H. M., DALLAS, TEX.—Matter received.

THE HOMESTRETCH FUND.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—It is very gratifying to note the evidences of sincerity manifested by the standing army of the S. L. P., in responding to the appeal to wipe out the debt on the party press. To my mind there never was a time in the history of the party such as the present, when men came to the front and showed that they understood S. L. P. doctrine, and are willing to work for the overthrow of capitalism, while doing their part in the establishment of the co-operative commonwealth.

Most of the persons I have talked to lately have expressed a higher regard for the S. L. P. (this is especially true of the working class) and less respect for their worst enemy the S. D. P., in whose throat the death rattle may be heard.

Enclosed find three dollars for the Homestretch Fund: One dollar from D. J. S., New Dorchester, Mass., and J. F. J., Endicott, Mass. Fraternally,

Endicott, Mass., Jan. 31. J. F. J.

OFFICIAL

NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE—Henry Kuhn, Secretary, 2-6 New Reade street, New York.
SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY OF CANADA—National Secretary, C. A. Weitzel, 256½ Dundas street, London, Ont.
NEW YORK LABOR NEWS COMPANY, 2-6 New Reade street, New York City. (The Party's literary agency.)
Notice—For technical reasons no Party announcements can go in that are not in this office by Tuesdays, 10 p. m.

NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Regular meeting held February 5, at 2-6 New Reade street, John J. Kinneally in the chair. Absent without excuse, J. Hammer.

A committee was present from Section Essex County, N. J., asking for a ruling on the question whether a delegate elected by a Section to a State Committee is responsible to his Section for his action and vote on that committee. The N. E. C. ruled, in substance, that a State Committee being an executive body, cannot be composed of delegates, and that if such a committee is composed of members chosen by several Sections in any one State, these members, once they are elected, have for their constituents not the members of any one Section, but the entire membership of the Party in that State.

Communications: From Lynn, Mass., enclosing resignations, dateed blank, of the Secretary of the S. E. C. and General Committee, to be filed with the N. E. C. as per action of the S. E. C. of Massachusetts. From the California S. E. C., relative to representation at national convention and the manner of choosing delegate; also on the work for the Party press and other matters. From Detroit, Mich., asking for information about mileage for delegates to national convention, reporting local work and reelection of Section officers. From Ohio S. E. C., partial report relative to matters in Columbus. From San Francisco, Cal., a general statement by the organizer of the Section as to the prospects of the new organization and the work to be done. From Hartford, Conn., reporting that there had been a fire right near the Section headquarters as a result of which the rooms were damaged to some extent.

The sub-committee appointed at the last meeting to report upon the article of M. Meyer, Detroit, Mich., made its report and recommended that, since the character of the article did not warrant the use of so much space, publication be denied. Upon motion, the recommendation was concurred in.

Quite a number of Sections reported the nominations made for the seat of the national convention. New York was nominated by Troy, N. Y.; Louisville, Ky.; New Bedford, Mass.; Hoboken, N. J.; Winona, Minn.; Newark, N. J.; Houston, Tex.; Cambridge, Mass.; Los Angeles, Cal.; San Jose, Cal.; Boston, Mass.; Watervliet, N. Y.; Woburn, Mass., and Tacoma, Wash. St. Louis was nominated by Grand Junction, Colo.; San Antonio, Tex.; Kansas City, Mo. Cleveland was nominated by Buffalo, N. Y. Boston was nominated by Fall River, Mass.; Milwaukee, Wis., and Baltimore, Md.

Election of officers were reported by Sections North Hudson, N. J.; Detroit, Mich.; Hamilton, O.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Baltimore, Md., and Woburn, Mass.

Edward C. Schmidt, Recording Sec'y.

MASSACHUSETTS FAIR COMMITTEE

Ninth meeting, held February 3, in Section Boston's headquarters, 1165 Tremont street, Boston, Mass., with Comrade D. Enger chairman.

Minutes of previous meeting adopted as read.

Roll call showed present Comrades Callan, Engelheart, Young, Bohmback, Sweeney, Hess, Gallagher, Ringham and Berry, of the Socialist Labor Party, and Comrades Enger, Mrs. Enger, Anderson, Swanson, Jacobson, Peterson and Gronoros, of the Scandinavian Socialist Club. Correspondence, dated at Ithaca, N. Y., from Comrade Pecheur, of Somerville, Mass., who is traveling with a glass-blowing exhibition, stating that he may possibly be in Massachusetts about the time of the fair. Will let the committee know in time to make arrangements. Accepted.

Bills for circulars and books, accepted and ordered paid.

Voted to accept the report of Committee on the printing of the programme.

The programme is as follows:

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25.

Speech	State Secretary M. T. Berry
Tenor solo	F. J. Callan
Comic song	August Johanson
Singing—"North Pole,"	Singing Chorus of Everett
Comic song	Thomas J. Donnelly

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26.

Black-face minstrel	Geo. Field
Cartoonist	Mike Cashman
Recitation	James J. Dolan
Singing,	Scandinavian Socialist Singing Chorus
Song	Richard Murphy

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27.

Singing	Danish Singing Chorus, Braje
Baritone solo	Samuel Freedman
Comic entertainer	John Holm
Reading	Else Schuschke

Dancing each evening.

Music by Doherty's Orchestra.

Voted to put the following comrades in charge of the games and other features of the fair:

J. W. Johnson, Palm, Rudquist, Murphy, Hanson, Gronoros, Noord, Borjstrom, A. Johnson, F. Rondquist, Allstrom, L. Larson, Fitzgerald, Hogstrom, Hojelund, Gallagher, B. Johnson, Keefe, Axel Nelson, Sacshe, Stevens, Chabot and Fuglestad.

Moved that a list of the committee be got out so that State Secretary Berry may make duplicate copies.

Moved that Executive Committee get what signs are necessary.

Moved to adjourn until Wednesday, February 10.

John Sweeney, Secretary.

COLUMBUS LABOR LYCEUM.

Readers of The People in Columbus, O., will please take notice of a series of meetings that are being held at Odd Fellows' Temple, 198 1-2 South High street, every Sunday, at 2:30, standard time.

Admission is free. A collection is taken to meet expenses of hall rent. Ladies are invited.

Lyceum Committee.

BOSTON LECTURES.

Sunday, February 14.—Michael T. Berry, of Lynn. Subject: "The Necessity of Economic Organization."

The above lectures are held in Party Headquarters, at 1165 Tremont street, Sundays, at 8 p. m. Comrades and sympathizers are requested to attend. Questions allowed and discussion invited.

EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL., LECTURES.

Section East St. Louis will hold agitation meetings every Sunday at 2.30 p. m., at Launtz Hall, Fifth and Missouri avenue.

Sunday, Feb. 14—"Old and New Trades Unions," by William Billsbarrow.

Sunday, Feb. 21—"The Class Struggle," by Henry Poelling.

Sunday, Feb. 28—"Labor Power as a Commodity," Olive M. Johnson.

S. L. P. LECTURES IN BUFFALO.

To give those who are interested in the Socialist Labor movement an opportunity to learn more about its principles than can be explained during the discussions in the Labor Lyceum, Section Buffalo has arranged for a parallel series of lectures to be delivered by members of the S. L. P. only. These lectures are held every Friday at 8:15 p. m. sharp, at Louis Kries' Hall, 232 William street, near Walnut street (two flights up). General discussion follows each lecture. Every man and woman is invited. Admission is free to all.

Feb. 12.—Frank F. Young, on "The Class Struggle."

Feb. 19.—Wm. Cline, on "What Causes Intelligent Workingmen to Become Socialists?"

Feb. 26.—James Goward, on "The Labor Market."

BUFFALO LABOR LYCEUM.

A series of public lectures is now being held every Sunday at 3:15 p. m., under the auspices of the Labor Lyceum, in Florence Parlors, 527 Main, near Genesee street. Admission free to all.

Feb. 14.—Mr. Leander A. Armstrong, on "Socialism."

Feb. 21—Attorney Percival M. White, on "Reciprocity With Canada."

Feb. 28—Rev. Clyde W. Broomell, on "The Problem of National Freedom."

DETROIT, MICH., AGITATION MEETINGS.

Section Detroit, Mich., will hold agitation meetings at Minnebach's Hall, 273 Gratiot avenue, on the following Sunday afternoons, at 2:30 p. m., and extends an invitation to all to attend. Free discussion, open to all. The subjects and lectures are:

Feb. 14—"Emigration: Its Causes," Thomas Hackett.

Feb. 21—"The Working Class and the Tactics Necessary for Their Emancipation," I. J. Le Brun.

Feb. 28—"The Crisis: Its Cause and the Remedy," C. Smith.

GENERAL ORGANIZER'S FUND.

HEADQUARTERS OF SOCIALIST TRADE AND LABOR ALLIANCE OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA, 2-4-6 NEW READE STREET, NEW YORK, JANUARY 2, 1904.

To All District and Local Alliances, Members at Large and Sympathizers, Greeting:—

In pursuance of the action of the last National Convention of the Socialist Trades and Labor Alliance, the General Executive Board hereby issues a call for voluntary contributions, either in one large amount or in weekly installments, for the purpose of establishing a General Organizer's Fund, this fund to be kept intact and to be used to put and keep in the industrial field a General Organizer, who shall agitate, organize and help in the upbuilding of the Alliance throughout the country.

Any organizations in the S. T. & L. A. that may have an idle fund in their treasuries are urged to place it at the disposal of the G. E. B. for this work, and they shall receive in return the immediate benefit of an organizer. Act quickly. Work must now be pushed and results accomplished. Address all contributions to John J. Kinneally, General Secretary, 2-4-6 New Reade street, New York.

By order General Executive Board, S. T. & L. A.

John J. Kinneally,
General Secretary.

Previously acknowledged	$101.10
L. A. 308, Troy, N. Y.	5.00
From weekly contributions by members of L. A. 308	55
Total to date	$106.65

L. A. 351, S. T. & L. A.

Local Alliance 351 of Watervliet will hold its meeting on Sunday afternoon. The next regular meeting will be held Feb. 14, at headquarters of the S. L. P. Watervliet comrades should attend these meetings and build up the Alliance.

L. F. Abrutz, Rec. Sec.

CORREGAN IN PATERSON, N. J.

A free public lecture will be held under the auspices of the Passaic County Section, at Helvetia Hall, Sunday, Feb. 14, at 2.30 p. m. Subject, "Why Strikes Are Lost." Speaker, Chas. H. Corregan, of Syracuse.

THE DAILY PEOPLE HOME-STRETCH FUND.

UNDER THIS HEAD WILL BE PUBLISHED ALL DONATIONS MADE FOR THE LAST FINAL EFFORT TO CLEAR UP THE BALANCE OF THE DEBT ON THE DAILY PEOPLE PRINTING PLANT. THAT BALANCE, ON NOVEMBER 15, WAS $4,643, PLUS INTEREST. WATCH AND SEE HOW THE FIGURES OF THE "HOME-STRETCH FUND" GET UP TO IT.

Previously acknawiedged	$3,366.75
G. Promis, Peru, Illinois	2.50
O. J. Schwitzgebbel, Kansas city, Mo	50
J. McFall, Kansas City, Mo	1.00
O. Justh, Detroit, Mich	1.00
I. Le Brun, Detroit, Mich	1.50
A. Fabinski, Detroit, Mich	5.00
L. Hasseler, Detroit, Mich	7.33
W. M. Bopp, Brooklyn, N. Y	1.00
D. J. Sullivan, New Dorchester, Mass	1.00
J. F. Jennings, Endicott, Mass	2.00
T. Dougherty, Minneapolis, Minn	3.00
New Machine	1.00
Wm. Huckster, City	1.00
Dan Moriarity, City	1.00
Frederick Brock, City	1.00
Sam Moore, City	1.00
(The above four are of the "The United Hatters of North America.")	
O. Ruckser, Cranford, N. J.	1.00
C. Boehm, Neenah, Wis	1.00
Max Thermanson, Neenah, Wis.	1.00
J. Vierthaler, Milwaukee, Wis.	1.00
C. H. Minkley, Milwaukee, Wis.	5.00
Thos. Wiltse, Toronto, Ont. Can.	1.00
A. Wiegand, Louisville, Ken	3.00
L. Fleischer, Louisville, Ken	3.00
E. Kurruss, Louisville, Ken	3.00
T. M. Reedy, Lowell, Mass	50
W. Swindlehurst, Fall River, Mass	55
Jno. Mueller, Brooklyn, N. Y	2.00
G. Scheer, So. Norwalk, Ct	1.00
A. Orange, City	1.00
Sec. Stamford, Conn	2.00
F. Serrer, New Haven, Conn	2.00
Sent in by John Steiger, Org., Sec. Hamilton, Ohio, $12.65, as follows:	
Frank Ferber, Hamilton, Ohio	3.00
Peter Ferber, Hamilton, Ohio	3.00
George J. Sauer, Hamilton, Ohio	50
C. H. Lowrey, Hamilton Ohio.	50
Chas. Service, Hamilton, Ohio.	50
Wm. Friedmann, Hamilton, O.	50
Fred Hertzog, Hamilton, Ohio	50
Martin Friedman, Hamilton, O.	1.00
John H. De Vore, Hamilton, O.	1.00
Joe Weismann, Hamilton, O	25
Elmer Motzer, Hamilton, O	50
Geo. Turner, Hamilton, O	50
John Link, Hamilton, O	50
Dave Scott, Hamilton, O	50
Ben. Hilbert, Hamilton, O	1.00
Joe Conrad, Hamilton, O	50
Lawrence Stock, Hamilton, O	50
M. Dowling, Hamilton, O	75
Frank Meyers, Hamilton, O	50
Peter Miller, Hamilton, O	50
Jacob Roesel, Hamilton, O	1.50
James Macke, Hamilton, O	2.00
John Betz, Hamilton, O	25
Matt Harnold, Hamilton, O	25
L. Vogt, Hamilton, O	25
John Shannon, Hamilton, O	25
Geo. Graham, Hamilton, O	50
Louis Miersch, Hamilton, O	50
C. Dinwiddie, Hamilton, O	25
Steve Smith, Hamilton, O	25
Cicero Huey, Hamilton, O	50
Chas. Fox, Hamilton, O	10
Geo. Rosson, Hamilton, O	25
John Lengers, Hamilton, O	25
Ben. Feldman, Hamilton, O	25
L. Enders, Hamilton, O	50
A. C. Schwab, Hamilton, O	25
Joe Feldman, Hamilton, O	1.00
John Steiger, Hamilton, O	1.75
Total	$3,465.63

Through a typographical error in list of Jan. 31st F. K. of Cleveland, Ohio, was credited with $2.00 instead of $3.00. The total, however, was correct.

SPECIAL MEETING, SECTION ALBANY.

Section Albany, S. L. P., will hold a special meeting on Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 8 p. m., at Com. Hirshfeld's place of business. The purpose of the meeting is to arrange for a special lecture, which D. A. 22 will furnish. Members will please be on hand.

Organizer.

CONGRESSIONAL

(Continued from page 1.)

ful not to put—why not to Labor, to Labor in distress? Is it more to the welfare of the land to have an exhibition than to have the majority of its citizens, its working class, in distress?

Of course, this last question was not put. Nor would the others have been put if there were any chance of the pets of those particular and objecting Senators getting "loans" and "donations" from Congress. The whole affair illustrates the fact that capitalist government is class government, is the class, with the working class left out in the cold to foot the bills by the sweat of their brow; and that in the Christian conflict of capitalist against capitalst, government of the capitalist class, with the working class left out in conflict of capitalist against capitalist, government resolves itself into the government of that division of the capitalist class which happens to be in the majority.

VOTE UNDER THIS EMBLEM

For James T. Hunter, candidate of the Socialist Labor Party for Representative in Congress, Twelfth Congressional District at the Special Election on February 23, 1904.

Boundaries of Twelfth Congressional District:

Eighteenth Assembly District, excepting the first and second election districts; Twentieth Assembly District, excepting the tenth, eleventh, fifteenth, sixteenth, twentieth and twenty-first election districts; Twenty-second Assembly District, excepting the ninth, fourteenth, twenty-first and twenty-second election districts; Twenty-fourth Assembly District, excepting the fifteenth election district, and the election districts one to ten, inclusive of the Twenty-sixth Assembly District.

Registration Day, Saturday, Feb, 13, 1904

Those voters who registered last year in the Twelfth Congressional District, and who still reside in the same election district, will not need to again register in order to entitle them to vote at the special election. Only those voters will have to register who moved into this Congressional District since the last fall election, and who are otherwise qualified to vote, and those who have moved into other election districts in the same Congressional District since last election. The latter will first have to secure a certificate from the inspectors of his old election district to the effect that his name has been erased from the records and will then present this certificate to the inspectors of his present election district.

HANNA ANSWERED

(Continued from page 1.)

shot fired from Boston by Senator M. A. Hanna, Chairman of the National Executive Committee of the Republican party, at the "Menace of Socialism," is rolling across the Continent.

We ask Senator Hanna:

Why the hundreds of thousands of workers, whose wages were cut 10 to 50 per cent. during the past six months did not quit and take the other job, if, as he says, "For every man on an average there are two jobs now in the heyday of our prosperity?"

If "For every man on an average there are two jobs," why are the police stations making "records" in the accumulations of prisoners this year?

If "For every man on an average there are two jobs," why did the Associated Press report that the roads to California are lined with tramps (?) from the closed down logging camps of Washington and Oregon?

If "For every man on an average there are two jobs," why is there "no more engrossing question than the relation between labor and capital, which seems to be the paramount issue to-day?"

Is "the paramount issue" going to be settled by the "Golden Rule" of your Civic Federation to "bring labor and capital together" for the purpose of getting "Labor" to be "Reasonable" and "Conservative," which means, in plain English, that "Labor" must submit to a reduction of wages so that "Capital" can supply the wants of the "Foreign Pauper Workman," as the Republican spellbinders call him, cheaper than they can do so themselves?

Is there not something wrong with an industrial system that requires "Protection" to enable the American workman to supply his own wants, and then compels him to submit to a reduction of wages, so that he can cut the foreign workmen out of the job of supplying their wants?

Does not common sense point to a way that will give every workman, American or foreign, steady work, under decent humane conditions, supplying himself with such a living as suits him, and at the same time give his labor a cumulative, permanent, useful effect for the good of society, and compel all grafters, parasites, labor exploiters, profit mongers and criminals to do the same? In other words, have things so developed that a man can get something that he does not pay for with his own labor or by taking the labor of others?

What fault is to be found with an "ism" that says: "If any man will not work, he shall not eat," and how does that become "one of those things which is only half understood?"

How can a body of men who believe in working for their living, and getting all the living that is produced by their work for themselves, and keeping others, who have done nothing towards the production of that living, from taking any part of it away, be said to "Inflame the popular mind against all individual initiative and personal energy which has been (is it now?) the very essence of American progress?"

How long will "American progress" last, if such a thing can be said?

Why is it that "Individual initiative and personal energy" do not keep "American progress" up to date and in good working order, so that there will be no "Clallem Wrecks" (for want of a rudder post); no "Iroquois holocausts" (for want of a properly equipped building, which brought out the fact that there was not one in the United States, and the further fact that the management did not take any interest in the safety of the building, except to bribe the public inspection officers); no Pennsylvania R. R. "smash ups" (caused by a locomotive that was hissing "Repair me" for weeks); no "Cheswick mine horrors" (for want of inspection since last July); and so on in every part of the realms of "American progress?"

A continual crash of industrial disasters and accidents, whose victims, numbering thousands, point to the fact that the prayer of "Individual initiative and personal energy" is "The public be damned. It is dollars we want."

If American workmen find that the "Individual initiative and personal energy" of "Capital" robs them of their labor and the rights and living it should bring them, is it not the duty of the "Individual initiative and personal energy" of "Labor" to have the robbery stopped? And is not such action the "very essence of American progress?"

What does the "Spirit of co-operation or community of interest, which some people may confound with Socialism, that is making headway with us" consist of? Who do you mean by "Us"? "The captains of industry," if such a thing exists? Where does the working class come in on "Us"?

Senator Hanna, we quite agree with you when you say, "But when any one attempts for political (we suppose you mean office hunting) or financial (we suppose you mean grafting) reasons, to advocate the whole programme of European Socialism, he will find little prospect of the seeds taking root in American soil." Because American Socialism is so firmly rooted in "American soil" by the Socialist Labor Party that neither "European Socialism," Bogus Socialism, Labor-fakirism, Capitalism, or any other "ism" can disturb it.

Senator, you must "think" something was "Demonstrated" in the "Ohio campaign." There was, but that something was not "Higher Socialism" It was "Ash barrel" Socialism mixed with "Golden Rule" Jonesism, Tom Johnsonism, and a few very distinct touches of Hannaism. It has no "Root" and you will have no trouble in adjusting it with "Capital."

With the Socialist Labor Party it is different. We are the only "Menace" that you, the mouthpiece of the logical, consistent political party of the capitalist class sees.

Because our "Fairness and prejudice will never agree to the confiscation of the products of one man's toil in order to insure comfort to the idle and worthless," that is why we are American Socialists, and have, during fourteen years of rampant Populism, calamity howling Free Silverism, Goldbug prosperity, Labor-fakirism and Bogus Socialism, come up against Capitalism like a jack-screw, using that very proposition for a lever. Where did you get hold of it, how could capitalism possibly make use of it and live?

If "No 'ism' is wanted by the American people that will take from any citizen the just and equitable reward of his labor," what is to become of Capital-'ism,' which has no other means of perpetuating itself?"

Now, Senator, let us explain the real meaning of both Capitalism and Socialism when either of them use the term "just and equitable." Capitalism's interpretation of that term is based on legal honesty, which means giving credit for a week's product and charging a day's product, in payment of wages, to the producer. The result is the Capitalist idea of "just and equitable," while Socialism, says: Whoever takes any part of the value of another's toil to himself is a robber.

How is "Capital" going to "yield" to "Labor" all that labor produces and perpetuate itself?

How is "Labor" going to "yield" any more to "Capital" without increasing its present miserable existence?

You say: "Every year of experience, every dollar of accumulated capital, every talent we possess should be regarded as a sacred charge for the good of the Nation to help in uniting the interests of the rich and poor, learned and unlearned."

Well, that is good logic. And it will work all right when the rich take their turn on an electric hoeing machine and earn their own corn-dodgers. But they will never do that until they have to, and the Socialist Labor Party will see that they have to.

Senator, we thank you for your attention.

Come again!

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This Fair is held in the interest of the working class. Every friend and sympathizer of the working class movement is cordially invited to send along their presents.

Members and sympathizers of the Socialist Labor Party are urgently requested to send presents to the addresses given above, and the working class are called upon to aid in any way possible this Fair which is given for the purpose of aiding the Daily People and the Arbetaren. Three-fourths of the proceeds go to the Socialist Labor Party of Massachusetts. The General Committee of the Mass. Socialist Labor Party will use its share of the proceeds to purchase twenty Daily People Loan Certificates and thus help raise the debt on the party press.

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